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LADY'S OWN PAPER

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

OF THE COURT THE DRAMA &c.

FASHION, FICTION, MUSIC

REGISTERED AT THE G.P.O. AS A NEWSPAPER.]

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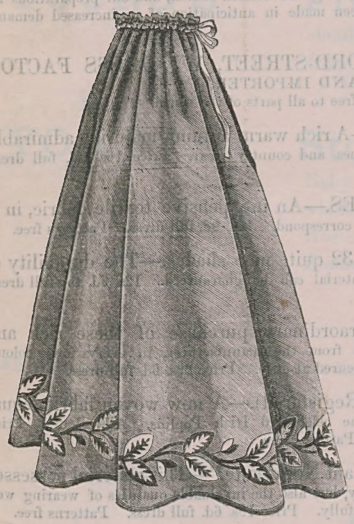

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No. 258.—Vol. VIII.—New Series.] SATURDAY, OCTOBER 28, 1871. [Price Sixpence. Post Free 3s. 10d. per Quarter.

MISS NEILSON.

Few actresses have grown so rapidly in fame as the lady whose portrait in her latest character we this week present to our readers. It has been acknowledged on all hands that Miss Neilson possesses nearly all the qualifications necessary to secure the very highest position on the stage. It is no slight advantage to an actress, however accomplished, to be also a beautiful woman, and how lovely Miss Neilson is our engraving will show. But she is endowed also with higher and more indispensable attributes than any mere physical ones can be. Her powers of expressing rapidly varying passions are, thanks to her beautifully expressive and musically modulated voice, almost unrivalled. In pathos and in passion she is alike excellent, while the, at times, seemingly impulsive and unstudied bursts of feeling to which she yields rarely fail to carry away an audience in sympathetic admiration.

Lately it has been Miss Neilson's fate to appear frequently in the higher class of melodrama, and therein she has achieved many legitimate triumphs, notably as Amy Robsart in Mr. Halliday's play of that name, and now again all London is crowding the vast *salle* of Drury Lane to witness her impersonation of Rebecca. Yet we must confess, that for our own parts, we prefer to see Miss Neilson in the poetic drama. In a certain, but not restricted range, of Shaksperian heroines she is without a rival. Never shall we forget the impression she produced upon us when first we saw her play Juliet. The entire performance showed so thorough an appreciation of the passionate and fiery nature of the warm-blooded southern girl, her uncontrolled and uncontrollable love for her father's enemy was so impressively depicted, while her impulsive *abandon* to the promptings of her heart; her pretty impatience of the cautious depreciations of her lover by the nurse; the actual grandeur of the tragic pathos to which she rose when preparing to take the draught which must bring the tomb, and may bring death, all were so perfectly conceived and the conception was so accurately carried into action that no living actress can hope to realise the impersonation. Many other and almost equally meritorious performances of Miss Neilson's have we been fortunate enough to witness; but what need to go *seriatim* through her many triumphs, as well might we publish a catalogue of stage heroines—the two lists would not be dissimilar. Yet we must not forget another arena in which Miss Neilson has achieved the highest possible distinction. Numerous are the actors and actresses occupying really prominent positions on the stage, who when deprived of the aids of scenery and dresses and other surroundings, have failed to secure any considerable measure of success as readers. Certainly there are fewer good readers than good actors; nor is this to be wondered at, for the reader must depend solely upon himself, and, more than that, while the actor has to sustain but a single character, the reader must be "everything by turns, and nothing long." Last year Miss Neilson made her appearance at St. James's Hall as a reader, and, triumphing over all the difficulties we have enumerated, achieved a success greater than has ever been gained by any elocutionist within our recollection.

Still very young, still in the zenith of her beauty, Miss Neilson has before her a brilliant future. On herself alone it depends whether she is to rise to higher triumphs than she has yet secured, for so thorough an artist will agree with us that to secure enduring fame in her art, as in all others, there is but one secret—unceasing study and untiring work. That she will give these in the future as she has done in the past we do not doubt, and then she may well hope to be remembered by posterity with the Bracegirdles, the Siddonses, and the Nisbettes of the English stage.

MISS NEILSON.

BRITISH MUSEUM 8 DE 71

DANGER OF NEGLECTING THE COMMON PRECAUTIONS.

It has been customary for some young ladies to walk in thin shoes and delicate stockings in midwinter. A healthy, blooming young girl, thus dressed in violation of Heaven's laws, pays the penalty; a checked circulation, cold, fever, and death. "What a sad Providence!" exclaim her friends. Was it Providence, or her own folly? A beautiful young bride goes, night after night, to parties made in honour of her marriage. She has a slightly sore throat, perhaps, and the weather is inclement; but she must wear her neck and arms bare, for who ever saw a bride in a close evening dress? She is seized with inflammation on the lungs, and dies before her bridal days are over. "What a Providence!" exclaims the world, "cut off in the midst of happiness and hope!" Alas! did she not cut the thread of life herself? A girl in the country exposed to our changeful climate, gets a new bonnet, instead of getting a warm garment. A rheumatism is the consequence. Should the girl sit tranquilly with the idea that Providence has sent the rheumatism upon her, or should she charge it on her vanity, and avoid the folly in future? Let our young friends look at the mass of diseases that are incurred by intemperance in eating, or drinking, or in study, or business; by neglect of exercise, cleanliness, pure air; by indiscreet dressing, tight lacing, &c., and all is imputed to Providence! Is there not impiety, as well as ignorance in this! Were the physical laws strictly observed from generation to generation, there would be an end to the frightful diseases that cut short life, and of the long maladies that make life a torment or a trial. It is the opinion of those who best understand the physical system, that this wonderful machine, the body, this "goodly temple," would gradually decay, and people would die, as a few now do die, as falling to sleep.

Arabella.

We lack the spirit to write a word of comment on the disaster at Chicago. The appalling magnitude of this sad event makes all ordinary expressions of condolence seem empty and meaningless. The terrible picture of that sea of fire surpasses all that has been written of dreadful ones. It eclipses in horror that of Moscow and exceeds in horror that of London. But far more terrible than all is the boundless misery which follows in its trail. A solitary family made homeless at any time touches the human heart with emotional pity, but tens of thousands of families have had their homes burnt over their heads in an hour. The business enterprises into which men have put their life's energies and hopes; the edifices sacred to their creator, and which we raised by numerous sacrifices of prayer and toil; the beneficent agencies of commerce and education, the savings of the poor, the provisions for old age have been all swept from the grasp of man, as if by a convulsion of nature. How far the sufferings of the unhappy people may spread, through the close-woven relations of commerce half over the world, what general disaster may extend and multiply its consequences throughout the globe, no one yet can tell. All this time the dire and immediate emergency makes such an appeal to the sympathy of nations as was never made before. May its voice reach to the inmost recesses of all lands. From every happy undevastated country in the known world help ought to come, and it will come.

The funeral of the late Mr. I. C. Wright, the accomplished translator of Dante, took place on Saturday at Carrington, near Nottingham, the body being interred in the family vault beneath the church. A very large number of persons were present, including many of the deceased's family, and the proceedings were very impressive, the church being draped with black. On Sunday a funeral sermon was preached by the incumbent of Carrington, the Rev. J. G. Wright.

Parisian Chit Chat.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

Oct. 20th, 1871.

Oh, how I abominate French newspapers, and more especially those which will persist in giving vile caricatures of my own dear countrymen and countrywomen! The *Journal Amusant* may be, and I dare say is, very amusing to the Paris people, yet all who are conversant with the striking superiority of English beauty over that of their neighbours, and of the superiority which they admit by their servile imitations of our dress, will fail to see the justice of these absurd sketches of English girls and their admirers. M. Grevin wanders into the Haymarket, the Argyll Rooms, and Cremorne, and represents those who abound there as fair specimens of English taste and manners. They are all grotesque, overdrawn caricatures, laden with haystacks of hair. The only really good sketch in this evening's edition is that of a French couple asking their way; they tell the policeman that they cannot tell the name of the place where they desire to go, but they know that the name ends in "street." The French girl is one of the exquisitely-dressed dolls which perambulate Paris—all fluff and bustle, grace and elegance, and her escorter is a gaudin of the purest breed; and these are meant to point the moral and adorn the tale of our inferiority. Turning from home topics to the political ones which at present agitate and convulse the capital, I must mention to you that it has been suggested to the President that he should not content himself with establishing a council of revision for military grades; that if certain of Gambetta's generals should be restored to the ranks, it is equally incumbent upon him to pluck the red riband from some of those bosoms where it has been planted with indiscriminate prodigality. The Legion of Honour has been so lavished on dentists and Dulcamaras, grocers and chiropodists, that men of honour have ceased to consider the badge as any distinction. Soldiers who have won their cross in many campaigns, statesmen on whom it has been conferred as the meed of patriotism, bid their servants remove the badge from their button-hole. M. Thiers has therefore been counselled to revise the list of nominations to the Legion of Honour which have been made since the siege by General Trochu and M. Gambetta's generals. Paris is as thickly studded at present with these red ribands as a corn-field with coquelicots or poppy flowers. "Another defeat such as we have sustained," said a brilliant soldier yesterday, "and every Frenchman will be decorated." Hundreds of people pass before us on the Boulevards with the red riband flaring at the fore, to the great scandal of those who have won the honour but disdain to wear it, since the decoration has been degraded into an advertisement for dentists.

I am stopping in the department St. Germain, where there was once a famous restaurant called the Pavillon Henri IV., and it is even now celebrated as then for its good cheer and long bills. *Apropos*, a capital story is extant of one of its patrons. Dumas had the run of this house, and much of its popularity was owing to the prominence the novelist had given it in one of his romances. The restaurateur was an enthusiast, and a *poulet Prothos* one of the inspirations of the place. Ice was exceedingly scarce one summer, and none to be laid, save at the Pavillon Henri IV. One hot day a servant came to the landlord with the following message: "My master, M. Alexandre Dumas, presents his compliments, and begs you will let him have some ice." "Tell your master," was the reply, "that all I have is at the service of the genius of France. *Sommelier*, bring up a basket of the clearest ice for the illustrious author." The ice was brought and placed in the servant's hands, when the footman in an unlucky moment presented a napoleon, adding, "My master begs you will let him pay for it." "Stop!" thundered out the host. "Here is some mistake. I am being robbed. M. Dumas never sent you. Confess, *coquin*, this is a vile subterfuge. Drop the ice this moment. M. Dumas never was known to pay ready money for anything. Go away, and presume no longer to impose on my credulity."

I observe that a most passionate love of flowers is still a marked characteristic of the once gay city, and the sale of flowers is yet an extensive and lucrative branch of trade. Even now it is computed that various little patches of ground in the vicinity, appropriated to floral cultivation, realise an enormous sum, and give employment to 500,000 persons. Notwithstanding many floral shops are closed in consequence of the late war, upwards of 200 remain open, and should occasions for public festivity return, their number will be greatly augmented. At a *fete* given by an Englishman, last week, it cost for flowers alone upwards of 20,000 francs.

The trade in children's toys is also fast reviving, and dolls of a most exquisite make and appearance catch the eye at every corner. How heartily do I endorse the opinion of a French critic who, speaking of these articles, says:—"A doll is one of the most imperious wants, and at the same time one of the most delicious instincts, of feminine childhood. To clean, clothe, adorn, dress, undress, dress again, teach, scold a little, nurse, lull, send to sleep, and imagine that something is somebody—the whole future of a woman is contained in this. While dreaming and prattling, making little *trousseaux* and cradles, while sewing little frocks and aprons, the child becomes a girl, the girl becomes a maiden, and the maiden a woman. The first child is a continuation of the last doll. A little girl without a doll is nearly as unhappy as a wife without children." More anon.

Yours, Angela.

HINTS FOR SWEET DISHES, PRESERVES, SWEETMEATS, &c.

Oatmeal Porridge.—Oatmeal porridge is so palatable and so wholesome that it is a matter of wonder it is not more generally used in England, not for children only, but their elders. I do not advocate its being taken every day for breakfast, but every other day or twice a week. During warm weather it should be discontinued because of a heating nature, for which reason I recommend only its occasional use. Many persons and children not rich enough to load the breakfast table with costly dishes, make much too slender a first meal, perhaps a couple of slices of bread and butter and a cup of very weak tea—it is wonderful in how few houses we meet with a really good cup of tea—that shall be my text on some future occasion. Well-made oatmeal porridge is a dainty fit for any one, from a peer to a peasant. But how to make it? As Hamlet said, "Ay, there's the rub! To be or not to be"—good. First of all, it is necessary to procure good meal, and to be good it must be fresh. A very great deal that is sold is stale or musty, and tastes bitter. The coarse oatmeal is used, not the fine, like gruel. If you have a Scotch baker near you, probably you may get some from him. The Scotch are the people, *par excellence* for making porridge. Irish stir-about, although made of precisely the same ingredients, is vastly inferior. A corn chandler or seed merchant is the person to supply meal; but as I have already said, they do not always keep it good. Next, be sure your saucepan is clean and dry. Half fill it with milk and set it on the fire. Have a handful of oatmeal, and as the milk boils sprinkle it in gradually with one hand, and stir the milk with a spoon held in the other. A little experience will soon teach you the right quantity, and in this matter taste differs. The oatmeal requires, after it has been boiled a little, to stand at the side of the fire and simmer slowly quite twenty minutes, often stirred. When finished it should be about the consistency of Devonshire clouted cream or thicker. It should be quite smooth in the mouth, feel as soft as cream and taste as sweet. If it does not taste sweet the meal or milk is bad or the saucepan not pure, or the fire smoky. If the porridge does not seem to melt in the mouth it is insufficiently cooked. When very thick a few spoonsful are placed in a saucer and cold milk poured over, and it is then eaten like bread and milk. Many persons, for economy, make porridge with water, eating it in a saucer of milk as described. This is also very good. Oatmeal made with water is of a pale straw colour. With milk it is a creamy white.

Scotch Griddle Cakes are wholesome, and your children will be sure to like them if given occasionally. Make a paste of coarse oatmeal and water. Spread it out in large thin cakes about a quarter of an inch each in thickness, or a little less. Put them on a gridiron over a clear fire and brown both sides. The gridiron used is made of coarse wire net work. If you cannot buy one, purchase a common thick wire gridiron—they are, bye the bye, the cheapest kind made. Get some moderately stout wire, which you can buy by the coil, and interlace the gridiron bars, across both ways. With some still finer wire tie together all the places where the wire crosses, unless you can manage to twist it in the doing at first. It will not take you very long—not longer than darning a moderately used stocking.

Hampshire Breakfast Dish.—A relishing dish is brought to table in Hampshire which would make a nice alternative with the oatmeal porridge. For one person a little oval dish, about eight inches by five, is served, filled with small chopped potatoes raised in the centre, and browned nicely on the top only, every chopping quite distinct through the process. In this is laid a rasher of bacon, if large, cut in two pieces. In serving a larger dish there might be three pieces of bacon. But the relish should always be served in small dishes, which can be multiplied to any number as required.

Household Brownie.

Clouted Cream.—String four blades of mace on a thread; put them to a gill of new milk, and six spoonfuls of rosewater; simmer a few minutes; then by degrees stir this liquor strained into the yolks of two new eggs well beaten. Stir the whole into a quart of *very* good cream, and set it over the fire; stir it till hot, but not boiling hot; pour it into a deep dish, and let it stand twenty-four hours. Serve it in a cream dish, to eat with fruits. Many people prefer it without any flavour but that of the cream; in which case use a quart of new milk and the cream, or do it as the Devonshire scalded cream. When done enough, a round mark will appear on the surface of the cream, the size of the bottom of the pan it is done in, which in the country they call the ring; and when that is seen, remove the pan from the fire.

Workmen are busily engaged in clearing the wreck of the gun-cotton manufactory at Stowmarket.

"LOVE, HONOUR, & OBEY."

A NOVEL OF SOCIETY.

(*Written expressly for the* Lady's Own Paper.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

But while George Upton and his fair young wife were thus lapped in happiness, there was preparing for them a terrible blow, which was at once to destroy the happiness of both and the life of one.

Sir Edward Upton had never corresponded with his brother since his marriage, nor had the latter ever spoken of him, and it was tacitly understood by the Baron and Clara that he had opposed the marriage.

One autumn day, however, when George had been four years married, the Baronet suddenly, and without notice, presented himself at his house.

He said frankly to his sister-in-law that he had disapproved of his brother's choice, but thinking the estrangement had lasted long enough, he had sought him specially to effect a reconciliation.

George was but too glad to meet his professions more than half way, and Ada, delighted at the result of his visit, showed him so much gratitude, that he soon welcomed his sister-in-law for her own sake.

But Sir Edward Upton had been accompanied from England by a friend, who joined him at his brother's house, two days after his own arrival.

Herbert Aubrey was a man about town of the old and bad stamp.

He considered himself, and was considered by the world, a gentleman—would have called out, without the slightest hesitation, any one who had dared to doubt it,—had his own notions of honour, which would have prevented him from cheating his opponent at cards, or from wearing in Bond-street any but the most fashionable costume.

But he believed neither in man's truth nor in woman's virtue.

Trained in a bad school, the remnants of the Regency, which, without the wit and abilities of that notorious era, retained all its vices.

This man was struck by the beauty and charms of Ada Upton, and undeterred by the fact that she was the wife of his friend's brother, was not long before he began to make advances to her.

In the innocence of her heart Ada Upton did not for a considerable period understand that his complimentary speeches signified more than ordinary politeness.

Knowing how long she had lived away from the great world, and sensitively fearful of discrediting her brother by appearing *gauche* or awkward before his aristocratic friends, she laughed aside his flatteries, although to herself they were most distasteful.

Her husband never noticed either her occasional distress or Aubrey's persistent attention.

But Sir Edward Upton was more observant.

He knew the character of his companion, and had often regretted that he had allowed himself to present him to his sister-in-law.

Consequently he fully comprehended that when Herbert Aubrey troubled himself to pay particular attention to a beautiful woman, no compunctions of remorse, no whisperings of conscience would stay him from the *facilis descensus* on which he had deliberately started, if only he could induce his intended companion to share his journey.

With lynx-like eyes, therefore, he watched the proceedings of both; and wondering much at his brother's blindness who could not see what did not exist, writhed inwardly at every hospitable attention paid by Ada to their guest.

The truth was, that Sir Edward Upton was by nature the most jealous and suspicious of men. Not Leontes himself viewed with more jaundiced eyes the innocent attentions paid by Hermione to Polixenes than did Sir Edward those offered to Aubrey by Ada.

It is true that in one respect the Baronet had more excuse than the King.

Polixenes was the last man likely to betray his friend, while Sir Edward knew that Aubrey would be the first.

On the other hand Leontes was jealous for himself, while Upton encouraged the green-eyed monster on his brother,s account.

So constantly did he dwell on the view that had presented itself to him that he distorted Ada's every action. The simplest speech, the most accidental glance he exaggerated into a pre-arranged code of signals and at last convinced himself there was between them a guilty understanding.

Then he could bear his secret alone no longer, and choosing his time when he was alone with his brother in a room, the windows of which overlooked the grounds in which Ada and Aubrey were at that moment walking, communicated his suspicions.

For a long time he beat about the bush, so much that George Upton utterly failed to discover his meaning. But when, at length speaking more plainly, he made him comprehend, he was rewarded by a burst of incredulous laughter.

"My dear fellow," said George, "you must be out of your mind to dream of so monstrous notion."

Then, becoming suddenly grave, he added:

"Look you, Ned, you know better than I do the character of the friend you brought here. If he be the scoundrel you would make him out, you are to blame for having brought him here. But this I do know—that whatever he may be, Ada is pure as snow, and I can trust her. God bless her!"

"It is because she is so great a treasure," urged Sir Edward, "that it is your duty to watch over her, to see that the diamond remains without a flaw."

"Trust me for that," was the husband's only reply.

For a minute there was silence. George was indignant at the implied slight upon his wife.

Sir Edward was even more annoyed that his warning was disregarded.

Presently, looking from the window, he exclaimed:—

"See! there is confirmation. Observe how she is clinging to his arm—notice how he bends over her, doubtless to whisper soft nothings in her ear, and to urge his suit with all the insidious elegance of which he is capable."

It was true enough. She was leaning heavily on her companion's arm, and for the moment George Upton forgot the delicate state of health that made even a gentle walk really fatiguing.

Not even the least suspicious of men likes ocular demonstration that he has a rival, and trusting as he was, the husband felt uncomfortable.

Sir Edward saw the effect he had produced, and like most men when they have formed an opinion, even when it is one they would rather not hold, he felt it due to himself to gain a convert.

So he poured fresh food for jealousy into his brother's ear; told him all the imaginary things he had noticed, and at last extracted from him a promise that he would at least watch.

The *dénouement* was not long in coming. That very evening the baronet led the tortured husband in the direction he had previously seen Ada and Aubrey wander away.

Suddenly, in a thick shrubbery, they heard their voices, or rather his.

"Here at your feet hear me swear how much I love you," they heard him say; but they did not hear the indignant exclamation with which Ada met the avowal; they did not see the scornful and contemptuous glance with which she had dashed away his hand.

Without waiting to hear more, George Upton had dashed through the trees, to see his guest kneeling before his wife.

With one blow he stretched him senseless on the ground, then turning to his wife, upbraided her in language so bitter, so terrible, that after several attempts to speak, she seemed unable to hear more, and turning, fled from the spot.

Aubrey soon recovered, and that very night, after sundown, he and Upton stood twelve paces from each, other while a man could count three, and then—George Upton never stood again.

Returning in a terrible state of mind to the house, the baronet could find no trace of his widowed sister-in-law. She had fled, of course, with her lover, and he determined to avenge both his brother's death and his family's honour.

Again then, Herbert Aubrey had to face an enemy seeking his life.

His code of honour prevented his offering any explanation to a challenger, and this time he was the victim.

He felt mortally wounded, but he lived for three days, and before his death sent for Sir Edward, and on the oath of a dying man assured him he had never received from Ada the slightest encouragement; that the moment at which they had interrupted him was the first in which he had breathed to her a thought of love, and that at his first word she had turned from him with more scorn and indignation than he could have believed could be compressed into a human face.

Where then was Ada?

Fled! No one knew where.

Not to Clara. For there went the Baronet first, and they had not heard the evil tidings.

Gone with her child!

Long and weary search was made, but all in vain; and, after many months, Sir Edward Upton returned to his home a gloomy, reserved man, tortured with remorse, and bowed down by sorrow.

(*To be Continued.—Commenced in No. 236.*)

A great banquet was given last week to celebrate the opening of the new house of the Manchester Reform Club, Earl Granville in the chair.

The reconstruction of the Vendome Column is entrusted to M. Vermont, architect, who held for several years the post of conservator of that monument.

THE PEACEMAKER.

A Tale of the Times.

"Miss Mercer, Dr. Allen—Dr. Allen, Miss Mercer."

The thing was done! The lion and the belle of the season had been introduced, and Mrs. Cooper, their charming little hostess, breathed far more easily.

"Thank heaven, I have succeeded in bringing it about at last," she murmured, *sotto voce*—"it" referring, of course, to the introduction. "But, mercy! they are both as pale as ghosts, and just about as frigid. I wonder what's the matter. One thing is certain, this is not their first meeting by any manner of means."

Miss Mercer was nervously twirling her fan—which article, being accustomed to different treatment from its proud, composed possessor dropped to the floor. Frederick Allen, as in duty bound, stooped and returned it to its owner; but, owing to the awkwardness of one or both of the parties, their hands touched, and down it fell again. Neither face was pale then; and the second effort, made with nervous haste, was successful. Mrs. Cooper's dark, bright eyes had caught every motion.

"I think it's about time for me to change my place," she mused, suiting the action to the thought. "If Maria Mercer and Fred Allen haven't been something more than friends in days gone by, my discrimination is most woefully at fault; and another thing quite as palpable is, that they haven't got over their liking for one another yet. They are both noble and true, and I do hope they'll explain away any misunderstanding they may have had. At any rate, I've given them a chance." And with a very self-satisfied smile, Mrs. Cooper turned to meet face to face the very couple she had so magnanimously left alone.

"Won't you accept my disengaged arm?" inquired the gentleman, serenely unconscious of the little lady's pique.

She could have bitten the elbow so coolly extended; but, instead, accepted it with a hypocritical smile, which Maria would have detected as counterfeit immediately, had she been looking up.

"What is the matter with you, Maria?" she inquired, unconsciously. "You don't act like yourself. Have you a headache, dear?" And the tender interest of that tone was touching in the extreme. Mrs. Cooper was evidently bent on making somebody uncomfortable.

"Yes," answered the young lady, calmly, although the hot blood rushed to her face in torrents. "You know I haven't been at all well to-day."

"Sure enough!" and a new idea evidently presented itself to the speaker. "But you look better than you have for the last six hours; although I don't know as I did right in forcing you down. What do you think, doctor? This morning she fainted dead away; let me see, what time was it? Well, just as the paper had come with news of your arrival. I know I had finished reading it aloud, and looked up, when she interrupted any comments I might have made, by a very impolite swoon. If I had not obliged her, she would have remained upstairs all this evening. Do you think I did wrong? Give me your profesional opinion, please."

The young doctor's large, dark eyes lighted up suspiciously, as they glanced at the scarlet face in such close proximity to his left shoulder, and asked, in a kind of suppressed tenderness:

"Are you subject to such attacks?"

Miss Mercer lied, deliberately.

"Yes," she answered, calmly; "I have fainted already twice this morning, and hesitated about coming down to breakfast; but, thinking that a cup of coffee might revive me, ventured, as it proved, very imprudently."

"Balked there!" thought the mischievous tell-tale. "But, Maria, I gave you credit for more conscience." Then she continued aloud: "Well, rest assured if I had suspected any such thing, I should have acted very differently; but why didn't you tell me of all this, when begging my permission to remain above stairs? One fainting fit was not sufficient excuse; but *three* would have answered admirably."

Miss Mercer vouchsafed her tormentor one swift, indignant glance, and then, without a word of excuse, removed her hand from the gentleman's coat-sleeve, and before either of her companions could venture remonstrance, had possessed herself of the one vacant chair, about which clustered a group of acquaintances.

The couple thus summarily deserted were evidently more amused than vexed, for both smiled, although Allen's face was soon overshadowed again, while his remaining companion immediately whirled round, and actually dragged him into a little deserted side-room.

"Now, Master Allen!"—and the little woman closed the door with an emphatic "bang"—"as a cousin, who has a natural interest in your affairs, I demand the reasons of such mysterious proceedings. You have met Maria Mercer before?"

"Well, yes," admitted her prisoner, actually powerless before his impetuous little captor.

"Loved her, too—didn't you?"

He assented to this proposition also.

"Well," she continued, musingly, "there's no need of asking how the matter of affection is now. It's plain to be seen that you both think too much of each other to be happy apart."

"Do you think so?" interrupted her companion eagerly, while a happy flush rose to his bearded face. "Do you really believe she feels anything but the most chilling indifference for me?"

"*Believe!*"—and the lady laughed scornfully. "I don't believe anything about it. I *know*. But what I *don't*—and what I *want* to know—is, what foolishness on your part has led to this estrangement; for, I'm mighty certain Maria had nothing to do with it—at least, in a culpable way. She's much too noble."

"You are mistaken about her love for me," said the doctor, sadly. "I have been thinking over the past, and see that it is impossible she should ever have felt the slightest affection for your unworthy cousin."

"I tell you I am *not mistaken*. Just tell me about that horrid, old 'past,' and, my word for it, I will prove myself right."

Frederick Allen was an exceptionally reticent man, but he knew that Mrs. Cooper was to be trusted, and as he stood in sore need of sympathy and encouragement, he replied: "Three years ago, Miss Mercer engaged herself to me. I loved her devotedly, and foolishly imagined she returned my affection in the same ratio."

Here an indignant pinch from his companion warned him to be more moderate.

"Well, there isn't much to tell. One day little Maria was playing with a locket which hung round her neck, when it became detached from the chain, and fell to the floor. I picked it up, and was about to open it, carelessly, when she snatched it away, and, with a very white face, put it into her pocket. Of course, then, I was anxious to see the contents."

"Of course," echoed his listener, satirically.

"But all my entreaties were of no avail. I knew it was neither of her parents, as she had so often in my presence mourned not having their pictures, and, at last, I asked her if it was the face of any relative. She would not stoop to an untruth, and, after a deal of hesitation, answered, 'No.' But I gave her still another chance. Said I, 'Maria, if you will tell me that the locket does not contain a man's face, I will be satisfied;' but she would not tell me even that, and the upshot of the matter was, that we parted that evening. I sailed the next week for America, and haven't seen her since, until to-night.

A long silence followed this narration, which the doctor broke, by asking, somewhat impatiently: "Well, what do you think of matters *now?*"

"Just what I thought before. You men are so jealous, it's impossible you should be reasonable. Without doubt it was your own picture."

"That explanation is simply impossible," replied the other, with sad submissiveness. "I never had but one picture taken in my life. That was when I was a boy of sixteen, and it had been lost long before our engagement."

"Well, I'll clear up this mystery, and that before long," said Mrs. Cooper, prophetically; "and rest assured of one thing, Fred, Maria loves you to-night with her whole heart and soul." And, with these last words of comfort, she left him to his own reflections.

The guests were about departing as she re-entered the parlours. Maria was not to be seen, and, with a curious expression of suppressed importance, the hostess betook herself to the young lady's chamber.

"How do you feel, dear?" she inquired anxiously of the figure who, in slippers and wrapper, sat before the grate. "Mr. Allen"—and she smiled to see the pink which mantled even her listener's ear at mention of that name—"would have written you out a prescription, I suppose, but we had so many things to say, and so short a time to say them in, for you know the wretch starts off again to-morrow." ("He will, doubtless, for the post-office," was the mental equivocation).

There wasn't much colour visible on the beautiful countenance then, although in no other way did Maria Mercer evince any agitation, as she answered calmly: "He makes a short stay," looking the while into her companion's face, to discover, if possible, if she suspected anything of their relations.

Mrs. Cooper's face was a most deceptive blank, as she skilfully turned the conversation, having proved—what she had no doubt of before—the entire surrender of Miss Mercer's proud heart. The locket was even then suspended on the young lady's white neck, and Mrs. Cooper determined to devote all her energies to gaining possession of it that night.

"I believe I'll take a bath before going to bed," she murmured, with a yawn very skillfully executed; "one sleeps so much better. Why don't you try it, dear?"

"I was just thinking of it when you entered," rejoined the young lady, calmly.

"Well, then I tell you. I'll keep house here, and read 'Lothair' while you bathe, and when you have finished, try it myself. This grate-fire is so enchanting, that I hate to leave it just yet, although I suppose bed is better than Disraeli at four o'clock in the morning;" and very diligently the pretty little widow turned the leaves of the above-mentioned volume, losing at the same time not one motion of her unsuspecting victim, who leisurely proceeded to do just what her wily mistress had intended—remove her rings, earrings and chain, and place them in her jewelry-box along with the ornaments placed there when she first changed her heavy evening dress. The dark eyes of the watcher grew somewhat anxious as the taper fingers hesitated about removing the chain, and turned away from the dressing case with the evident intention of carrying it with her to the bath-room; then, with a little exclamation, which probably meant contempt for her own foolishness, she unclasped it, threw it into the box, shut the drawer, and walked resolutely away.

"Mistress Cooper, where is your accustomed honour!" asked that lady of herself, as, after making sure of being alone, she proceeded to the bureau-drawer, and abstracted the mysterious locket. "Now for a *denoument*;" and pressing the spring, she looked at the face it presented, then with a laugh, and "A very good likeness, considering all the circumstances," placed it in her pocket, fixed the box and drawer as their owner had left them, and when she returned, was, to all appearance, immersed in her book. But she did not leave Miss Mercer that night or rather morning, until she was safely in bed with the gas out, then she kissed her affectionately, and walked off to her own domain.

The next morning, before breakfast (Mrs. Cooper never let the grass grow under her feet), Dr. Allen was handed a very small white box, the contents of which were a simple chain and locket. It took the gentleman but a short second to open the last-mentioned article. He did not laugh, as did his cousin, at sight of the bright, boyish face which looked up into his; in fact, his moist eyes and quivering mouth told of anything but amusement. He was touched to the very soul.

"And this," he murmured, "is the cause of three years of misery. Why was I so cruel and unjust? I should have known her better, understood more thoroughly the nobility of the woman I loved." But for all his self-upbraidings, there was a look of happy power on his face as he walked into the breakfast-room, which two present noticed with very different emotions. Mrs. Cooper was fairly shaking with suppressed merriment, while Miss Mercer was unmistakably anxious. She had missed the locket upon first arising, and had ceased from her unsuccessful search with a strong suspicion of Mrs. Cooper's treachery.

"I will go down to breakfast as usual," she murmured. "She won't see him until after that meal; and I will inform her most decidedly that, unless she gives me that locket forthwith, I will leave her house, and never enter it again! She knows I will keep my word, and will return it, I feel sure."

But Dr. Allen's joyousness puzzled and worried her. His seat, through their hostess's admirable management, was directly opposite hers, and she couldn't raise her eyes from her plate without meeting his bright gaze.

"What is the matter, dear?" asked the little lady behind the coffee-urn, solicitously. "You don't eat anything!"

"Dear's" reply was very curt, and her bearing towards the unoffending individual opposite, who was about passing her the omelet, was almost uncivil.

"I wish you would come to my room with me—right away!" said she to Mrs. Cooper, as—the meal ended—that lady rose to lead the way to the pleasant sitting-room.

"Yes, dear!" returned the other, with the innocence of a six-months' old babe; but as they were passing the library, she said, "Come in here a second, till I fix these curtains; the room looks so dismal with them down."

And having no alternative, Miss Mercer did as requested. Before the curtains were adjusted to the satisfaction of their pretty possessor, a quick, firm step approached the door. Both ladies recognised it, and the elder, turning to depart, said simply: "Maria, don't be a goose!" and before the astonished girl could reply to the insinuation, she had gone, closing the door behind her, leaving her two guests alone.

Allen was the first to speak, and his voice had in it so much of sadness and so little of triumph, that the girl before him looked up in surprise.

"I have discovered this morning just what a suspicious, ungenerous wretch I have been!" he began. "I have but one excuse to offer, and that is poor indeed—for a love which does not raise its object above suspicion is not worthy being urged as an extenuation of anything. Maria, I hated myself thoroughly this morning when I discovered the terrible injustice I had done you!"

She made no reply; she had intended withering him with some haughty rebuke, and then leaving him for ever; but his own remorse was so genuine, his own upbraidings so severe, that she found herself guiltily wondering, "Had she been wholly blameless?" If she had acted rightly, would she not have, three years before, told him that it was his own face she wore upon her neck, and not from her natural, and yet foolish, sensitiveness have made a miserable mystery of what would have delighted his heart to know?

He waited for her to answer; but as she remained silent, he continued:

"Here is the locket, which Mrs. Cooper sent me in this morning. My opening it involved a question of honour which I did not think of at the time, and which now I am very glad I forgot. Maria, I have loved, do love, and shall love you until life ceases! Whether or no you ever vouchsafe me again one kind word, I have the knowledge that in the past your heart has been wholly mine. Here is the locket. Do with it as you like!"

She had determined upon crushing it before his face and eyes, or doing some other equally ridiculous action; but now she hesitated, stood for a moment irresolute, with the bone of contention in her hand, and Allen looking down into her face; and then, with cheeks aflame, clasped the chain about her neck.

His arms were round her then; and when Mrs. Cooper, two hours after, entered the room in search of some mystical volume, both tendered her the warmest thanks for her successful efforts in peacemaking.

SWEET SEVENTEEN.

A vast amount of poetry has always been thrown around that special time of a woman's life when she is no longer a child, and yet not quite a woman—that transition time, between the closed bud, and the full-blown flower which we in England express by the term, among others, of sweet seventeen. Without meaning to be sentimental, or to envelop things in a golden haze wrought by the imagination only and nowhere to be found in fact, we cannot deny the peculiar charm which belongs to a girl of this age, if she is at all agreeable, and neither pert nor silly. Besides, it is not only what she is that interests us, but what she will be; for this is the time when the character is settling into its permanent form, so that the great thought of every one connected with her is, how will she turn out? into what kind of woman will the girl develop? and what kind of life will she make for herself? Certainly Sweet Seventeen may be a most unlovely creature, and in fact she often is: a creature hard and forward, having lost the innocence and obedience of childhood and having gained nothing yet of the tact and grace of womanhood; a creature whose hopes and thoughts are all centred on the time when she shall be brought out, and have her fling of flirting and fine dresses with the rest. Or she may be only a gauche and giggling schoolgirl, with a mind as narrow as her life, given up to the scandals of the dormitory and the playground; a girl who scamps her lessons and cheats her masters; whose highe t efforts of intellect are shown in the cleverness with which she can break the rules of the establishment without being found out; who thinks talking at forbidden times, peeping through forbidden windows, giving silly nicknames to her companions and the teachers, and telling silly secrets with less truth than ingenuity in them the greatest fun imaginable, and all the greater because of the spice of rebellion and perversity with which it is dashed. Or she may be a mere tomboy regretting her sex and despising its restraints; cultivating schoolboy slang and aping schoolboy habits; ridiculing her sisters, and disliked by her companions, while thinking girlhood a bore and womanhood a mistake in exact proportion to its feminality. Or she may be a budding miss, shy and awkward, with no harm in her and as little good—a mere sketch of a girl, without a line as yet made out, or the dominant colour so much as indicated. Sometimes she is awkward in another way, being studied and preoccupied, when she passes for odd and original, and is partly feared, partly disliked, and wholly misunderstood by her own young world; and sometimes she has a cynical contempt for men and beauty and pleasure and dress, when she will make herself ridiculous by her revolt against all the canons of good taste and conventionality.

The Isle of Man is now no retreat for insolvent debtors, its Bankruptcy Laws having just been assimilated to those of England.

A young man is in custody at Bromley on a charge of having shot his brother dead with a revolver which he believed to be unloaded.

A young men's society in the metropolis has pronounced "Oliver Twist" unfit for its library.

Two lads are under remand, charged with seriously hurting a companion by hanging him "in fun." The boy who was being "executed" narrowly escaped being killed.

At Bow-street, on Saturday, a letter-carrier was committed for trial on a charge of having stolen a large number of letters and packets from the Post-office.

The finding of the grand jury in the Eltham Libel case will turn attention to our Libel Law. On the whole, there will be no great cause for regret at the decision.

BEDTIME.

How forcibly does this exquisite sketch recall to our view the days of childhood when the prayer of infancy is first instilled into the youthful mind by that affectionate of all best monitors—a fond and doting mother! But it is not to prayer alone that a maternal parent should restrict herself. Shall the lively period of youth, the soft and impressive season when lasting habits are formed, when the seal cuts deep into the yielding wax, and the impression is more likely to be clear, and sharp, and strong, and lasting—shall this warm and favourable season be suffered to glide by, without being turned to the great purpose for which not only youth, but life, and health, and being were bestowed. Shall not that knowledge which is the foundation of faith and practice be inculcated as early and as fundamentally be enforced with the same earnest pressing on the continual progress, with the same constant reference to first principles, as are used in the case of those arts which merely adorn human life? Let us seize the happy moment when the memory is strong and the imagination busy and alive, let us seize this period for grafting and impressing those principles which are to form the character and fix the destination for eternity.

It is of the last importance to possess the minds of young persons with a conviction that it is the purity of the motive which not only gives worth and beauty, but which in a Christian sense gives life and soul to the best of actions. Nay, that while a right intention will be acknowledged and accepted at the final judgment, even without the act, the act itself will be disowned, which wanted the basis of a pure design. Sufficient this as regard the moral obligations of a mother. In conclusion, one word in addition to what we advanced as to the social instruction of a daughter. Domestic economy is so important a part of a woman's character, so necessary to her own happiness, and so essential to her performing properly the duties of a wife, that it ought to have the precedence of all other accomplishments, and to take its rank next to the first duties of life. Yet this is too often neglected in a young woman's education: and she is sent from the house of her father to govern a family, without that knowledge which is necessary to qualify her for it: this is the source of much inconvenience, and may be attended with unpleasant consequences. The husband's opinion of his wife's incapacity for domestic affairs may be fixed too strongly to suffer him ever to think justly of her gradual improvements. A woman, whatever other qualifications or accomplishments she may possess, who does not understand domestic economy, is a very improper person for a wife. Young women should endeavour in early life to lay in a store of knowledge on this subject, even before they are called to the practice of it. They should daily observe what passes before them: they should consult prudent and experienced mistresses of families; and should enter in a book every new piece of intelligence they acquire; they should afterwards compare these with more mature observations, and make additions and corrections as they see occasion. A sound economy is a sound understanding brought into action: it is calculation realised, it is the doctrine of proportion reduced to practice; it is foreseeing consequences, and guarding against them; it is expecting contingencies, and being prepared for them. The difference is, that of a narrow-minded vulgar economist, the details are continually present; she is overwhelmed by their weight, and is perpetually bespeaking your pity for her labours, and your praise for her exertions; she is afraid you will not see how she is harassed. Little wants and trivial operations engross her whole soul: while a woman of sense, having provided for their probable recurrence, guards against the inconvenience, without being disconcerted by the casual obstructions which they offer to her general scheme.

The Crown has been advised to refuse the prayer of the Nationalist memorial in favour of the release of "the Irish political prisoners still remaining in gaol," on the ground that the persons on whose behalf the prayer was urged are not political prisoners.

The young men who are on strike at Lincoln have decided to "hold out" to the last. It is stated that £200 has been sent from Newcastle-on-Tyne to assist them.

The Sheffield scissors and razor grinders have succeeded in obtaining their demands.

What is known as the "Lion Sermon" was last week preached at St. Katharine Cree, Leadenhall-street, to commemorate the providential deliverance of Sir John Gayer, citizen, from a lion, on the coast of Africa, more than 200 years since.

RECOLLECTIONS BY AN OLD LADY.

No. 2.—Of Talma and the French Stage.

I had the pleasure to become acquainted with the great actor Talma on his visit to this country in the year 1817. He was then assisted by Mdlle. Georges, giving a series of performances at the Opera Concert Rooms. These consisted of selections of the most striking scenes from his most particular and popular character. Upon my telling him in answer to his inquiry whether I had attended any of them, that I had not, he said:

"Shall you be soon in Paris?"

"I intend myself that pleasure shortly."

"Then do not see me here in London; wait till you can see me there. I am not in my proper frame here. I wish you should see me in my own theatre; your English audiences and myself are at variance with each other. The conventions of our stage are so different from yours. I scarce know what you expect of me; and it is evident I don't know what they expect of me, and as they don't understand what I do, there is no enthusiasm, except on the part of the actor. If he inspires his audience he catches back the enthusiasm from them; but if they are cold, he will be cold. Again, I must tell you, many of them do not understand what I say, but come to see me for the sake of Dandy."

He laughed as he said this, and appeared not a little pleased at the opportunity of using a word much in vogue in 1817, and which he evidently misapplied for fashion.

"Besides," he continued, "I give them only my best scenes, and that is really disadvantageous to me."

As I did not instantly perceive how showing at his best could be to his disadvantage, he explained:

"Why, Mdlle. Margaret, you see there is no contrast; there is no light or shade; no repose. My scenes of passion, for example—they have no preparation for them, so they are abrupt and shocking."

Early in the spring of the following year I saw Talma on his own stage. The play was *Hamlet*. I had previously read the French tragedy, so that I was prepared for its extraordinary variations from, and its still more extraordinary inferiority to, our own. For regularity, and for compactness of construction, the play of *Ducis* deserves some praise; but in all other respects the French poet has altered, without ever once improving upon, his great original. To say nothing of the gentle Ophelia, who is here converted into something little better than a jealous termagant; and of other personages, who, although they retain their respective stations in the drama, have undergone similar changes of character. Hamlet himself is shorn of all his finer qualities. He is not there the tender, the melancholy, the reflective, the philosophic, the paramountly humane; yet though deficient in all that constitutes the charm and essence of the character, the Hamlet of the French stage was better fitted than the marvellous creation of Shakspeare to display the genius of Talma. His province was the profound, the terrible, the sublime; but he was not remarkable for tenderness; and gaiety and playfulness, the qualities of our own Hamlet, were utterly beyond his reach. The play therefore was well constructed for exhibiting what he could do, and for concealing what he could not, and had he selected any for the purpose of producing a powerful first impression, this would have been the one.

His first entrance—his rush upon the stage, imagining that he is followed by his father's ghost—was really terrific! The wild cry, the stagger, and uncertain step, the eyes distended, the open mouth, the wide spread fingers, and hands vaguely waving in the air—presented altogether a representation of terror mingled with horror, unequalled for force and truth. It needed the presence of no ghost to account for it; it was manifest that nothing short of a supernatural vision could have occasioned it. He almost realised the effects enumerated by Shakspeare's ghost as consequent upon his narrating the tale he could unfold to "ears of flesh and blood."

Little, if at all, inferior to this was his gradual recovery from his alarm on discovering himself to be in the presence of Norceste.

In this play the Ghost does not appear, but whenever he is supposed to appear you saw him in the actor's face. For stage purposes this arrangement is certainly preferable to our own. In the reading of *Hamlet* the imagination receives no shock from the stage direction—"Enter Ghost:" on the contrary, it is excited by it, and creates for itself a dim vague shadow, from which the appalling words of the spectre seem to proceed. It is not so on the stage. An actor—like Talma—may terrify you by the display of his own terrors; but the illusion is diminished, if not entirely destroyed, by the actual presence of some portly gentleman (usually selected by some odd fatality as the representative of "the buried majesty of Denmark") who struts about in a pair of creaking boots with the counterpart of a rolling pin in his hand. Considering the vast improvements which have been made in scenic effects, it is not too much to desire that this evil should be remedied. That, by the exercise of a very small portion of ingenuity, it could be, can hardly be doubted; and it is a pity, when the talents of scene painters and machinists are taxed to the uttermost in the getting up of some worthless sensational trash or immodest burlesque, that more is not done towards the proper illustration of Shakspeare's plays, particularly of those wherein supernatural or preternatural appearances occur. In the case of *Hamlet* I question the necessity of the Ghost being made to appear at all. Certainly, he must be heard, and this might, without great difficulty, be contrived. In the closet scene, for instance, no greater violence would be done to the imagination of the spectator in being made to suppose that Hamlet sees the Ghost, although it were invisible to the audience, than (as at present) that the Queen does not when it actually appears on the stage. The palpable, matter-of-fact Ghost is the great blemish of our play, as acted; for his appearance is subversive of theatrical illusion, and usually excites sensations more nearly allied to the ludicrous than the sublime. The effect produced by Talma's "*Je le vois*"—when he saw a something invisible to all but himself—was awful; but that effect would have been considerably weakened, if not absolutely converted into the ridiculous, had his alarm been excited by the *bonâ-fide* apparition of a hog in armour.

On a line with Talma's awful imaginings of the presence of the Ghost might be placed his threats to Claudius. They were overwhelming, like thunder, or a whirlwind; and the actor, Desmousseaux, to whom they were addressed, forgetting, in their fearful reality, the play, the stage, the audience, seemed absolutely to quail beneath them. I have seen him produce a similar effect in Nero.

Though half a century has passed since I first saw him on the stage, his personal appearance stands visibly before me even at this distance of time.

Though not tall, he appeared to be what is termed well-knit, firm, and muscular; his head was large and broad, and set solidly upon a neck unusually thick; his eye was quick, piercing, flashing, even fierce; and his face altogether capable of expressing, in the highest degree, every variety of tragic passion, but more particularly rage and terror. Then his voice was deep, full, clear, round, and musical. It was this command of voice that enabled him to give such touching effect to his lamentation over the urn containing the ashes of his father—in *Hamlet*—a scene of the most profound pathetic.

Margaret of Lancing.

GOING TO BED.

Married Women and the Municipal Franchise. — At the Abingdon Revision Court the question has been raised whether married women are entitled to vote as burgesses. Mrs. Mary Passey, a married woman, was objected to by Mr. Challoner, the Conservative agent. He maintained that a married woman is disqualified, and that her occupation of the house must be hers. Mr. St. Swithin Williams, the Liberal advocate, said:—"Under the Municipal Acts marriage is no disqualification. The only disqualifications mentioned in the new Act are the receipt of parochial relief and the being an alien. The Act provides that every person who occupies a house for the 12 months, who is rated, and whose rates are paid, shall be enrolled as a burgess. And the last clause says that the word "person" shall mean women as well as men. For the Parliamentary franchise a person must occupy "as tenant or owner;" and no doubt the tenancy of a married woman is, in law, her husband's. But in the Municipal Acts the words "as tenant or owner" do not occur—it is sufficient to occupy. Though the tenancy of this house, that is, the right to occupy it, is, in law, the husband's, the actual occupation has been the wife's. This lady has occupied, she is rated, and her rates are paid. She has, therefore, fulfilled the conditions prescribed by the Municipal Act, and she is, I submit, entitled to be enrolled. The court adjourned to consider its decision, and the vote was retained.

A sensitive old bachelor says that pretty girls always affect him just as ornamental confectionery does—they give him the heartburn.

NIDPATH CASTLE.

It is worthy of remark that people make long and often dangerous as well as fatiguing journeys to examine the beauties of other lands, whilst they scarcely ever take any steps to view the rich treasures of landscape scenery which they possess in their own. The sketch we present to our readers this week offers to tourists the finest specimen in the world of a grand and picturesque bit of scenery. At one period of time, although many years have elapsed since the tribe disappeared, the environs of the Castle afforded an encouraging locality for the encampments of the Tzigani or race of gipsies, who we must admit from time immemorial were found everywhere, yet belonged nowhere. In Europe, Asia, and Africa, these singular people wandered, never, however, mingling with those amongst whom they resided, and never losing their common identity. Nor is the race one iota altered at the present day. The mere loiterers around old ruins who sometimes call themselves gipsies, particularly in the picturesque counties of England, have no real claim to the title.

The groups of picturesque poverty which are to be seen in some country parts—encamped under dingy canvas, an iron pot simmering over a wood-fire, a mud-splashed cart, with its shafts at an angle of forty-five degrees from the earth, a lean donkey browsing by the wayside, and a family party squatting or lounging about—tinkering, hawking, or what not, with an eye on bleaching linen or innocent poultry—these, seven times out of nine, are no gipsies; they are tramps, vagrants, who may, or may not, have stained their cheeks with "nut-brown berry;" but are, in all respects, better known to relieving officers as casual poor, and to country magistrates as rogues and vagabonds, than they are to the genuine Bohemians.

Genuine Tzigani there are still dwelling together, who yield loyal homage to a king or queen, and maintaining, in all its peculiarities, the primitive mode of life practised by their ancestors, and sanctioned by long usage. There are many traditions associating them with the subjects of Pharaoh, but they are traditions without foundation. It appears most probable that the gipsies were originally emigrants from India; people belonging to the lowest caste, who were driven out at the period of the great Mohammedan invasion of Timor Beg. In Beloochistan gipsy tribes are still found; the language common to them all resembles some of the dialects of India.

Miss Hargreaves, the eldest daughter of the gentleman of that name who has been so long connected with the Turf, met with a fatal accident in Hyde Park on Wednesday. The horse upon which Miss Hargreaves was mounted took fright at a yelping dog, and, rearing high into the air, fell back upon the unfortunate young lady, whom the weight of the falling animal crushed so severely that she expired the next morning after much suffering.

WHY WE HEAR NOW OF A WOMAN' MOVEMENT, AND WHY WE NEVER HEARD OF IT IN BY-GONE TIMES.

"What is the history of the 'Woman's Movement?' And is it altogether the growth of modern times? Of courses an *abstraction* woman's rights are as old as the human race, and woman's wrongs have been only too real and tangible to thousands of the sex in all ages; but what has kept back till these days the cry for female suffrage, professional opening for women, &c.? It cannot be said our ambition has come to us with improved education, for the women of the Elizabethan age were more learned in many ways than we are. Did women in those days, as now, sigh for some way to turn to account the talents with which they were fitted, and if not, why not?"

Thus a friend to me: And thus I to my friend—

"Women have been found to devote themselves to the acquirement of knowledge very early in the history of the world—in fact, the first knowledge that ever came into the world, according to the Mosaic account, found its way there through the lips of a woman, when Eve bit the apple in the Garden of Eden. To take a leap of a century, and to be contented to economise space with merely hinting at learned and gifted women who have lived, loved, and died, moved by similar hopes and passions, and gifted with an equal amount of intelligence as those around us, we may call to mind that the Greeks and Romans boasted of their learned women. The example of Sappho, who composed nine books of odes and lyrics of the highest order of merit 600 years before the birth of Christ, is familiar to every reader. Christianity was first introduced into Great Britain by a woman, about the commencement of the seventh century—namely, Queen Bertha, wife of Egbert, King of Kent, whose diligence and intellect led her to inquire into the faith that was professed by a stranger from a far land, to search and finally receive the Scriptures expounded to her by St. Augustine. Ethelburga, the Queen of Edwin, assisted to spread Christianity in the North of England, notably Yorkshire, which she had imbibed in her Kentish home under the tutelage of Pauline, who was consecrated a Bishop by Edwin in 625. Queen Judith, the mother of Alfred the Great, was a woman of learning, and her early instructions first lead that prince to turn his thoughts to study, and induced him afterwards to lay the foundation of our English laws. The name of Roswitha, a nun of birth and learning, who lived in the tenth century, has been handed down to us as a composer of comedies in imitation of Terence. Edgitha, the wife of Edward the Confessor, devoted herself to learning and used to 'chop logic' with the youthful Ingulphus, afterwards the renowned ecclesiastic and historian, when she met him returning from school. But although a 'blue,' she possessed the very quintessence of amiability and womanly kindliness, and therefore it does not surprise us to hear that she always despatched the urchin from such controversies to the buttery to get what he liked to eat. To this day what school boy would not be delighted with such a *carte blanche*?

"But ladies who devoted themselves to learning in those days, as well as in the Elizabethan age, were women of birth and fortune, above the necessity of acquiring money. In the feudal times the ranks of society were well defined. The peasant found work in her own sphere; tradesmen's daughters, if needs be, learned a trade, or sought service with others of their own class. The offspring of franklins and yeomen, and poor relations of the nobility, were welcome, the former as 'handmaidens,' the latter in a not much higher capacity as useful companions or embroiderers. Embroidery was the great resource of gently-reared women at that period, and although in many monasteries on the Continent the monks worked embroidery, there were 'she tailors' who toiled professionally over silks and gold, and the greater quantity of such work was done by women of various ranks. At the 'she schools'—as the 'academies for young ladies' were called, embroidery in silk was one of the chief, if not the chief, art taught. Everything then was embroidered—castle walls were hung with hand-worked tapestry, a kind of coarse linen fabric embroidered with devices in satin stitch; garments of every kind, even to gloves and boots, were embroidered; banners were embroidered; handkerchiefs were embroidered; and the church required quantities of the richest embroidery. And besides this, until the Reformation, the Convents were the final refuge of numbers of bereft women, and the prisons of troublesome, or self-asserting, or discontented women; and there also the nuns were made productive of embroidery.

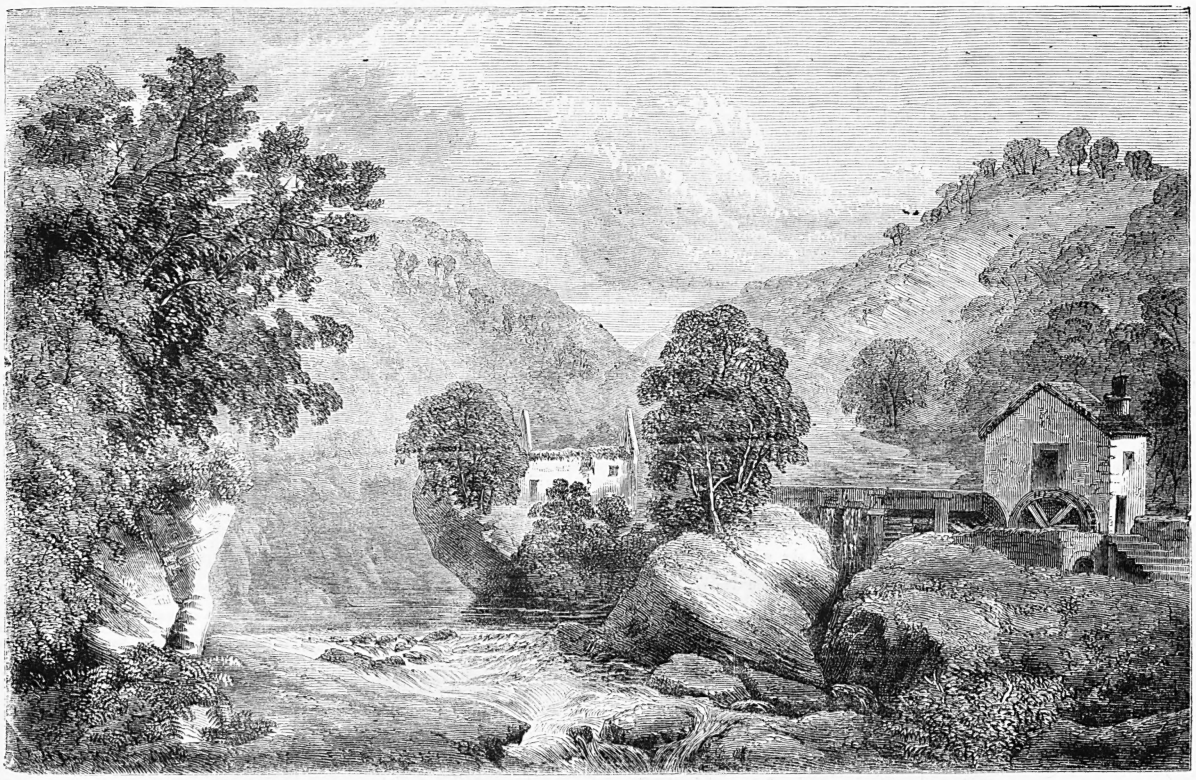
"In the Elizabethan age the degrees of rank were still very marked. Portionless and homeless girls of good birth were taken into the houses of wealthy kinsfolk, to swell the number of their retinue, and often led idle and light lives, as the disclosures of the girlhood of Catherine Howard made by Miss Strickland will testify. However, ladies whose necessities doubtless sharpened their wit, were not behind-hand at earning a living and sometimes making a fortune. The most lucrative female occupation of the time was washing, starching, and ironing ruffs for the neck.

"Mistress Dinghen Vanden Plasse, the daughter of a knight of Flanders, came to London in 1564 with her husband, and announced herself as a professor of the art of starching ruffs, which at that time were worn throughout civilised Europe of very large dimensions. The Dutch excelled in starching ruffs, and in the whiteness and fineness of their linen. But Mistress Dinghen excelled them all, and her countrymen and women soon sent to her and paid her handsomely for her work. All fashionable London repaired to her. Cambric ruffs were introduced, and then lawn, but the knight's daughter succeeded with them all, and ladies began to send their daughters and nearest kinswomen to her to learn how to starch. Her charge was four or five pounds to teach them how to starch, and twenty shillings how to "seethe" the starch. Considering the difference in the value of money, we may easily imagine that Mrs. Dinghen did a pretty 'stiff' business. Either Mrs. Dinghen or another lady turned an honest pound by introducing starch of a yellow tint into Great Britain.

"There was a period later than this, when fancy work was again remunerative enough to induce gentlewomen to follow it as an occupation. A pretty income was often made by lace mending. Louise, Duchess de la Valiere supported herself and her mother for a considerable time when in exile in England, by fine muslin embroidery, which she had learned to do in her youth at a convent-school, and subsequently she acted as governess to the children of an English banker.

"Teaching was for a long time the resource *par excellence* of the gentlewoman. But when a certain amount of superficial education became more generally spread amongst the masses, it caused a pressure of each grade or class upon the one above it. Tradesmen's and farmers' daughters, who, as late as half a century ago, were content to seek domestic service, became governesses. A glut in the market ensued, and the value of tuition fell. Hence we have a deterioration in quality, and a deficiency in the number of domestic servants, and a superabundance of half-competent, ill-paid governesses. Gentlewomen now find that the position of governess, companion, or housekeeper is hardly to be obtained, and that, in many cases, board (perhaps very meagre) is considered sufficient compensation for the absorption of their whole time and energies, ignoring the clothing that will be worn out in hard service, and the nest-egg that ought to be reserved for vicissitudes in a precarious employment. Naturally they have turned their attention to the means of securing honest subsistence—all honour to those who are willing to work hard and faithfully at whatsoever their hands and their cultivated minds find to do. The numbers of women driven to self support, also, have increased. Marriage has declined. Parents appear to be less careful than formerly to provide for their children, and the increased returns of the population show a growing preponderance of the feminine element.

"Nor is it a combination of these causes alone which tends to bring the subject of woman's employment so prominently before us. The press exercises a freedom and fills a sphere of usefulness such as it had never arrived at before, and we hear of facts that were once concealed. The shocking sufferings of poor needlewomen, many of them ladies, was once investigated. Then light was thrown on the oppression of the shop-woman, when a young girl was found dead in her bed from exhaustion consequent on the foul air of an over-crowded apartment—an attic above the show rooms where the *élite* of the *beau monde* came to buy. And recently a check has been placed upon the protracted labours of the work-room and the factory. Conjointly with this progress of the tide in England comes the 'Woman's Rights' movement from America, where a young and vigorous people dare to put forward original and often crude ideas, but useful, even in their exaggeration, by giving a bold utterance to what may be toned down to practical value.



NIDPATH CASTLE, ON THE TWEED.

"Woman's position has thus come to be discussed and reflected upon, and energetically taken up. It is generally a number of diverse causes flowing into one channel that produce a flood bearing on its surface the current of public interest.

"What is required is this: that unmarried and undowered or bereft gentlewomen should be able to subsist and to find a field for their mental labour, the exercise of their talents and acquirements, in such a manner as will return the means of procuring what are to them the necessaries of life. It is impossible that all can be married, much as they doubtless would prefer 'their proper sphere" as the current sneer runs. But to sell herself as a bride for the sake of a good position, or even for the mere ordinary requirements of life, as too many do, frequently driven into the false position of an unloving or reluctant wife by the parents' urging and constant cry of "What is to become of you if you don't marry? Can you do anything for yourself? We have nothing to give you, and you are not likely to have another chance'—to do this is to sacrifice the true dignity, and purity, and exalted principle of woman. It is to man's interest that it should not be so. Is his home likely to be happier with a wife whose heart he does not possess, and who married him, a perjurer, vowing love where none exists? or with a woman self-helpful and self-reliant, who being able to provide for her own needs is free to give or refuse her hand as her heart dictates? Whose labours have taught her the value of money, which she will therefore economise, and yet paradoxically have shown her that happiness is not the offspring of wealth, which she will therefore not sacrifice herself to obtain. However, if the movement in behalf of woman's sphere of action be ever so greatly extended, there is no reason to fear that all our sex will become 'professional' There will always be plenty of ladies whose circumstances place them beyond the need of self-exertion, and plenty too lazy to attempt it. But I think the time will come, and that before long, when self-supporting women will be respected for their industry and talent, and provided, of course, that they maintain the strict integrity of an unblemished reputation, will be valued considerably above their un-occupied sisters. And this is as it should be—the *prestige* with tried excellence, rather than with negative merit.

"But we have yet to look at self-supporting woman in a different light. Full half of their number are widows, deserted wives, or wives with scoundrel husbands who prey on their labour, by which they, and often a young family, are supported. How doubly foolish it is in such cases to talk about 'their proper sphere.' These women commenced life by entering that sphere; and they are now wives, or widows, and mothers; and they have not only themselves to help, but their household depends upon them for support. What is desired in discovering further channels of useful exertion for women, is to rescue them from misery, starvation, or utter degradation, which has been too often the silent end of those who have fallen away from the ranks of their friends in an abyss of sudden poverty, culminating in helpless destitution."

Georgiana C. Clark.

NOTES FROM THE ALBUM OF A WIFE AND MOTHER.—No. 2.

Do not imagine when you have obtained a husband that your attention to personal neatness and deportment may be relaxed. Now in reality is the time for you to exhibit superior taste and excellence in the cultivation of your address and the becoming elegance of your appearance. If it required some little care to foster the admiration of a lover—how much more is requisite to keep yourself lovely in the eyes of him, to whom there is now no privacy or disguise—your hourly companion. And if it was due to your lover that you should always present to him, who *proposed* to wed and cherish you, a neat and lady-like aspect, how much more is he entitled to a similar mark of respect, who has *kept his promise with honourable fidelity*, and licked his hopes of future happiness with yours. If you can manage these matters without appearing to study them, so much the better. Some husbands are impatient of the routine of the toilet, and not unreasonably so—they possess active and energetic spirits, sorely disturbed by any waste of time. Some wives have discovered an admirable facility in dealing with this difficulty; and it is a secret discovered by some which may become known to all, if sought after and duly appreciated. Sweet is it to woman, whose privilege it is to be silent in the Church and to speak only by her life, so to arrange her home scenery that it may whisper in gentle and holy, but unmistakable accents to the understanding heart and cultured mind. Amidst an adorning veil of flowers may be traced the under-current of living water vivifying them; so, wearied, she may drink of the brook by the way, and hold up her head, or, in sweet communion, may rest and be still. If any will take the trouble to examine into the causes of the impression made by the aspect of any of the homes they visit, they will find that the proportion Christian love and cheerful activity may have given to the dressing of every room, is, in fact, that which imparts the sensibly felt, but nameless charm to domestic scenery.

Tell me not of the trim, precisely arranged homes where are no children. Tell me not of the never-disturbed nights and days of the tranquil, unanxious heart where children are not. I care not for these things. Heaven sends children for other purposes than merely to keep up the race—to enlarge our hearts, to make us unselfish, and full of kindly sympathies and affections—to give our souls higher aims, and to call out all our faculties to extended enterprise and exertion—to bring round our fireside bright faces, and happy smiles, and loving, tender hearts. Our soul blesses the great Father every day that he has gladdened the earth with little children. Margaret.

FADED ROSE LEAVES.

"You doubt me, Alicia?"

"Not entirely, Mortimer; but I have an indefinite uneasiness concerning you, which is not compatible with perfect trust."

"Nonsense, child! So long as I can recall your picture as you stand there, never fear even a thought unfaithful to you! How you will laugh over this morbid feeling when, in one short year, I return unchanged, to make you my own for ever!"

Alicia Alleston glanced wistfully into the blue eyes bent on her beautiful face, as though longing to penetrate beyond their superficial brilliancy, and unveil what lay beneath; but her lover's arm stole round her waist, and he drew her to him with such tenderness, that her unshaped fear melted away, as the twilight faded before the golden light of the broad moon rising over the edge of the far-away hills.

"Before I go, say that you trust me," he said softly; and her whispered "I do!" came from the recesses of her heart; but the next moment the shadow fell again, though she felt not the chill of its presence.

In the most refined sense of the word Mortimer Travers was a materialist. A landscape, a statue, a picture—any object that possessed perfection of outline and harmony of colouring—charmed his eye, while his soul remained unaffected by it; and while his taste was perfect, he lacked the poet's soul which is necessary to the artist. As a consequence, a new beauty bound him to her side; and as, no matter what her mental endowments might be, he never gave a thought to any but her physical loveliness, her dominion only continued until a fresh face appeared on the scene, when his allegiance was immediately transferred, to be changed again in like manner. Thus in society he had acquired the reputation of a flirt; but Alicia, to whose country retirement the voice of the outer world seldom penetrated, followed only an undefined instinct when she dimly felt that he *could* not, even if he would, remain true to her; and though she felt to the full the charm of his manner, and loved him with a loyalty which even his falsity could not shake, the forebodings which filled her soul found expression in the wistful, searching glance with which her brilliant eyes rested on his face.

From the clustering vine festooning the rustic veranda he had broken a spray of roses, and separating the twin blossoms, he leant forward and placed one amidst the rich bronze waves of hair, which undulated from the wide, white forehead, and were loosely confined in an artistic knot at the back of her shapely head. Its fellow he placed in the buttonhole of his light summer coat.

"Promise me," he said, "that you will keep yours until we meet again. Mine shall never leave me!"

"I promise," she said, very softly, "no matter how long that time may be!"

"Again, Alicia!" said Travers, reproachfully. "One year will be the utmost limit of our separation. Can you not believe in me?"

She was hesitating, dreading to put her doubts into words, and not daring to war against the noble, simple truthfulness of her character, by so much as the shadow of an untruth, when the window immediately behind them was thrown open, in theatrical parlance "revealing the interior," and an old gentleman, silver-haired and stately, stepped towards them.

"Alicia, my dear," he said, in that low, polished tone, which beyond all else is the criterion of high-breeding, "tea is ready, and we must not detain Mr. Mortimer. He will not have more than time to reach his destination, so we had better go in."

Overjoyed to escape answering her lover's reproachful question, Alicia glided past the two gentlemen, and had seated herself before the antique silver urn, ere Mortimer could detain her.

Tea was always served in the professor's favourite spot on earth, the library; and the walls, completely lined with sober-hued tomes—the ghostly glimmer of marble busts from distant corners, from which the wax-lights in the massive candelabra failed to chase the lurking shadows—the sombre, yet priceless Turkey carpet, and the heavy, carved oaken furniture, with griffins' heads and scaly monsters grinning and twisting over it, formed all of them a quaint but infinitely becoming background to the beautiful creature whose bright loveliness truly seemed to "make sunshine in a shady place," though a pensive shadow rested on her bright face as she listened to her guardian and her lover as they conversed about the latter's contemplated tour.

At length came the moment when they were obliged to part, and, clasped in his arms, she forgot the doubts and fears which threw their shadows on her heart, and only remembered that she loved and was beloved again.

Later, when alone in her apartment, she took the rose he had placed there from her hair; the sigh with which she laid it between the leaves of the volume they had last read together was born more of the return of the old indefinite doubt of him than of the mere pain of separation.

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Lady Elizabeth Mortimer was certainly attached to her husband, who in return was gracefully devoted to her. She was an acknowledged beauty, possessed the finest jewels, the most complete establishment, the smallest lapdog, and the cleverest parrot in Rome; and yet, on the evening of which we write, she was suffering from an acute attack of *ennui*.

The golden quiet of the old Roman street on which she looked out, from a balcony gay with silken awnings and shady with fragrant orange-trees and gorgeous oleanders, was intolerable to her; and the statuesque repose of a picturesque group of lazaroni, on the gleaming marble steps of an opposite palazzo, irritated her unaccountably. Two men in scarlet jackets, a little further on, playing *morra* in a slumbrous manner, were little better, and an "ox-eyed" Contadina, with bodice trimly laced on swelling bust, glittering earrings, and imperial bearing, standing before a heaped-up basket of purple grapes, festooned with their cool, graceful leaves, might have been a "bit" from the glowing brush of an old master, for any signs of sentient life about her.

Lady Elizabeth would have sacrificed at that moment one of her pale-gold ringlets for a sensation.

"If Mortimer were here, he would tell me to admire those liquid shadows and the mellow tinting of that tumbled-down old palazzo opposite!" she ejaculated; "but one can't go on admiring tints and shadows for ever. I'd give them all for a good run with papa's hounds in dear, breezy old England! I do wish Mortimer—dear fellow!—were not an artist; but it seems impossible to tear him away from this stupid old city! Ah! here are wheels, at length!"

She leant against the graceful bronze railing, and looked up the quiet, gold-tinted perspective, and perceived a pretty, open barouche, drawn by a spirited pair of greys, coming rapidly up.

The coming wheels disturbed the *dolce-farniente* of the picturesque group on the steps, and with an energy of which no one could have dreamt them capable, the whole family, from the bronzed, dimpled urchin just able to steady himself on his feet, to the artistic-looking father, rushed forward to levy contributions from the occupants of the carriage. The Italian postillion, however, was fully aware of the propensities of his countrymen, and urged his horses past the group with pious exhortations to them to avail themselves of *patienza*.

The occupants of the vehicle were a stately, silver-haired old gentleman and a young and extremely beautiful woman; but it was on the latter that Lady Elizabeth's azure eyes remained fixed as long as the carriage was in sight

"What a lovely creature!" she murmured. "I do wish Travers had seen her. What beautiful bronze hair! and I must confess her toilet is perfection. Black lace is always eminently *distingué*. I wonder who she is?"

Roused from her inaction, Lady Elizabeth, still pondering over the beautiful stranger, proceeded to rob the oleanders of some of their gorgeous blossoms, and the orange-trees of flakes of their odorous, milky bloom, for the Parian vases in her boudoir, and with her white, slender hands full of the flowers, she stepped from the balcony into the apartment, and pushing aside the lace draperies, discovered her husband sitting close to the window, apparently sunk in a profound reverie.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, "I did not think you had returned!"

"I have been here quite a quarter of an hour," replied Mortimer Travers, rising and winding his arm round her slender waist; "but I am too much of an artist to disturb the charming picture you made amongst your flowers."

Elizabeth, if not very profound, possessed that pearl of womanhood, a generous and truthful soul, and the uneasy look on his face, as he spoke, suggested nothing to her but fatigue.

"Sit down again, love," she said, tenderly. "I don't think riding in this fervent sun is good for you; but, tired as you are, I think you would have known what a lovely face I was looking out at. Oh! Travers, if you could only paint her!"

"I see you wear my favourite shade of blue this evening," said Mortimer, changing the subject. "Come, love, if you are not exhausted with the heat, sing me something neither grave nor gray."

Lady Elizabeth seated herself at her harp, and a second time the group on the steps roused themselves to listen, as the sweet bell-like voice of the singer quavered out into the silent street.

* * * * * *

"It is just five years since we parted," said Mortimer Travers, in that tone which, with the encouragement of a look or a word, would merge into sentiment. There was not, however, the faintest response in the magnificent deep-blue eyes which met his so fully, or in the low, musical voice that answered him.

"Yes; and we have both changed much during that time."

"I can see no change in *you*," interrupted Mortimer, impulsively, "save that, if it were possible, you are even lovelier than of old."

Not the faintest added tinge of rose acknowledged the compliment, but a curious shadow crept into the eyes of the Professor's young wife. It vanished again, instantly.

"I saw Lady Elizabeth," she said, turning over the pages of the book lying on her lap, "at the *conversazione* at the Duke's, on Thursday. She quite comes up to my anticipation. I never saw a more perfect type of blonde beauty. You must be very happy, for she appears devoted to you."

"Alicia," said Mortimer, breaking through the restraint imposed by her, "you speak thus to me! Do you not remember how I loved you, and if in a moment of infatuation I left you, are you so ungenerous as to taunt me with congratulations on happiness I can never possess? And yet I know that you loved me."

"Yes," she acquiesced with perfect composure, still fluttering the leaves of the book. "See," she said, as a withered and crumbling rose fell from between the pages, "the ashes of roses contain little of the bloom or fragrance of the fresh blossom."

As the faded thing crumbled into powder in her rosy fingers, she turned to Travers:

"I have fulfilled my promise. I have kept it until we met again."

* * * * * *

When the Professor returned from one of his antiquarian wanderings through Rome, he found his wife seated still in her chair by the open window, the sunlight falling on her through dancing vine-leaves, and finding a fit resting-place in her sparkling eyes. He leant over her, and tenderly touched her white forehead. She could not see the shade that fell on his noble face as he glanced on the withered flower lying on the white folds of her dress.

"Moralizing on the ashes of roses, Alicia?" he said, smiling, though with an effort.

"Yes," said his wife, looking up at him with a smile of brightest trust and affection; "but I was thinking that frequently when we think our roses dead they bloom again, as the Phœnix was said to rise from his own ashes." And gaily rising, she flung the crumbled flower through the open window, and the balmy evening breeze caught and whirled the light dust away.

ON FASHIONS.

It is singular that mankind has been as constant in abusing the fashions of female clothing as womankind has been in changing them. Since the commencement of civilisation, not a generation has passed in which women have not altered the style of their wardrobes, and every alteration has given as much umbrage to men as pleasure to the fair. Ladies never succeed in satisfying male critics in their costume. Not only do stoics and cynics sneer at the adornments of the sex; but the epicurean, much as his soul may delight in the mental qualities and personal charms of his beloved one, invariably ridicules the mode in which she dresses. It is the same in every age and every country—one sex ever assuming some new form of apparel, the other refusing to be pleased by any form. Helena taxes her taste and ingenuity so that Demetrius may deign to praise; he is never propitiated; her fine linen is always sackcloth in his eyes. If her raiment be long he rages; if short he chaffs; if she wears hair not her own by nature he laughs loudly; if she curls her own hair he smiles in derision. All efforts are vain. For woman to hope that any improvement which she may make in her toilet will seem an improvement to man, is proved by experience to be the most egregious "vanity of vanities."

In this particular, while upon the one hand everything is novel, on the other there is "nothing new under the sun." Horace was an ardent admirer of the beauties of his age, yet he was ungallant enough to despise the fashion in which the *belles* of Rome wore their hair, frequently dyed black, low down on their foreheads. Swift was skilled in captivating the best of the sex, as the mournful histories of Stella and Vanessa too truly prove; but he satirised their garb fiercely and coarsely; but the milder and more courtly Addison—highly esteemed by *les grand dames* of his time, so much so that a countess married him—gentle as were his manners, kindly as were his affections, objected to almost every portion of ladies' attire, and endeavoured to reform it in the columns of the *Spectator*. So with Goldsmith: easy-going Oliver professed that the style of feminine dress was in his mind most objectionable; and, though a dandy himself, when he could afford it, abuses the mysteries of the female toilette in the *Citizen of the World*.

Stern religious journalists and worldly-minded profane wits, Catholic priests and Dissenting preachers, agree in censuring or laughing at the attempts made by womankind to adorn itself. The disciples of Knox made as energetic a "blast against the monstrous" follies of women as did the most ascetic friar; and the licentious wits of the period of Elizabeth and Charles II. were in

this particular as severe as the sage Mr. Gosson, whose "pleasant quippes for upstart, new-fangled gentlewomen" were intended to induce many a gay character to destroy her wardrobe—to effect a transformation of a butterfly of fashion into a prim damsel "devout and pure, sober, steadfast, and demure." The gayest and most amorous writers are, in fact, on this subject very like our gallant and amiable friends the reviewers of the *Saturday*.

It not unfrequently happens that a lady is advised to change her style of clothing by some old-fashioned and crusty relative, because, forsooth, it is displeasing to all men of sense. She might answer that it is impossible to please men of sense, as they have objected by turn, and in pretty much the same language, to every form of innovation on the primitive leaves and skins, to which she might readily demonstrate it would be inconvenient to return.

It may be asked, Is there such a thing as taste and propriety in dress? We answer—Yes, but it is ever varying; and as the *beau ideal* of costume has not yet been arrived at, and is not likely soon to be, there can be no harm, when a new raiment is necessary, in conforming in its shape or colour to the prevailing fashion. Men may, *en passant*, be reminded that they are not "without sin"—they so persistently fling stones at their peccant neighbours. The *beau ideal* of male attire has not been reached either. A "swallow tail" is not admirable from an æsthetic point of view; a chimney-pot hat is in the abstract preposterous; trowsers may be convenient, but, assuredly, an Englishman in his usual dress must appear very absurd to "that heathen Chinee."

Moreover, gentlemen also have been fickle in their styles. Is not a modern man about town in externals far more opposed to the old Cavalier than a "Girl of the Period" is to "Sydney's sister, Pembroke's mother?" There is not more dissimilarity between Dolly Varden and a Quakeress of the old school than there is between a "swell" of to-day and a "maccaroni" of a century ago.

In our opinion it is useless for women to hearken to croakers. We are far from believing that Swift or Addison, with all their sneers, would have been pleased had their lady friends set an example of reform, and appeared in the easy and graceful drapery of an ancient Grecian lady.

Practical protests against prevailing male or female fashions are as unworthy of people of sense as they are ridiculous in the eyes of spectators. Living in a tub increased neither the wisdom, comfort, nor reputation of Diogenes.

It has been remarked that a fool distresses himself about the cut of his cloth, while a philosopher gives himself up to his tailor, whose business it is to dress him becomingly. What Ben Jonson says of words may also be said in reference to fashions:—

> "Be not the first by whom the new are tried.
> Nor yet the last to lay the old aside."

A lady of taste will avoid alike singularity and vulgarity; she will not be arrayed so as to occasion either surprise or comment among the circle in which she moves; she will, according to her means make the best of the prevailing mode, neither gaining notoriety by running in advance of it, nor ridicule by limping awkwardly behind it; she will pay little attention to the satirist, and hearken to the advice of her milliner; and she may reply to those who may remonstrate with her on her conformity to the "fashionable follies" of the age, that who thinks a faultless dress to see thinks "what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be."

On another occasion we shall treat of some fashions now out of date, but once popular.—*The Emerald.*

The Latest Fashions.

We are likely to have a complete change in the style of hair dressing. It will not probably be sudden, but will come upon us gradually. The long plaits at the back of the head left hanging, which are popular at our seaside resorts are not considered in equally good taste for walking out in London, but in a carriage may pass. The tendency now is towards the classical in head-dressing, and the Cleopatra mode is gaining favour. This consists in turning the hair back, drawing it flat off the face, and wearing a coronet. For morning wear, a plain bandeau of light tortoise shell is in great favour, and has much effect when contrasted with dark hair. Very long curls at the back are worn, but not more than two each side.

For dresses coarse materials are the most fashionable. An authority says, the coarser the more *distingué*.

Before us we have a toilette that is very pretty. The skirt is of black velvet (or velveteen). On this are three bands, the widest, five inches wide, of black satin, and below each band a handsome fur fringe (or guipure lace). The lowest satin band is the broadest, and the top the narrowest. Over this is a tunic of black cachmere, looped nearly to the waist at each side, and in such a way as, by catching the ends up, to reverse it and show the wrong side, which is lined with black satin. A jacket body with a deep basque of equal length all round, faced down the fronts of equal width, but spreading a little wider on the basque, the facing going round to the back of the neck. The jacket is velvet, faced with satin. Bell sleeves of velveteen with handsome satin *revers* and under sleeves of black cachmere. The jacket has a fringe (or lace) all round the edge. This costume is also pretty thus made. Velveteen black petticoat, bands of crimson satin with narrow black Maltese lace as a fringe, below each. Crimson cachmere tunic, faced with satin. Velveteen body and sleeves, with crimson satin facing, black lace edging, and cachmere under sleeves. Also in two shades of double cachmere, havannah, and dark brown. The skirt, tunic, and body, of the light shade, the trimmings of the darker one.

Cachmere or velvet costume. On the skirt four kilt pleated narrow flounces, each graduated, and set on with a velvet band and a heading. Tunic trimmed round in the same way, and looped behind in the Dolly Varden style. Body with two deep large tabs, trimmed round to correspond. Braces also of frills only passing round the neck behind, and narrower towards the waist. Bell sleeves, edged with frills. In cachmere the dress and frills are all of one material. In velveteen the frills should be of black or violet satin.

Long dress for the house. Grey silk, with three rows of kilt pleatings on the skirt, with a heading each way. Black silk polonaise tunic and body. Another skirt trimming: Very wide bands of the material, with a frill from under each edge. On the band three very narrow bands, machine stitched, or of passementerie.

A pretty style of dress is one with a very deep-gathered flounce, above and over the top of it a box-pleated frill, turned down, and above this three wide bands of ribbon velvet. The tunic open in front, vandyked at each side, and describing one curve behind. Edged round with a box pleating and above this a row of ribbon velvet. Body with a postillion jacket trimmed *en suite*, but narrower. Braces in front of the body forming a pointed cape behind, made of a narrow box-pleated frill, and above that two rows of velvet. A small bell sleeve, open to the elbow behind, and rounded away, edged with a frill and two rows of velvet.

A stylish and uncommon dress fit for a tall, elegant young lady and applicable to many materials is thus made: Skirt, house length, with five very wide ruches on it; this brings the trimming nearly half-way up the skirt. Jacket bodice, the basque forming two very long rounded sash ends ruched all round, and just looped one through the other in a *negligé* way. Hanging sleeves, with a ruche round the hem a couple of inches in, and a ruche up the back to the armhole.

Costume suitable for the house or walking. Handsome in faille, fine black alpaca, velveteen or coloured silks, or cachmere. The trimming is velvet, except on velveteen when satin is substituted. Skirt of a walking or house length. A moderately wide hem. The trimming commences above the hem. The band of velvet eight inches wide. Above this six rows of half-inch wide bands of ribbon velvet. For the tunic: Of silk, three widths; of cachmere, one width, about one yard long. Edge it all round with six-inch wide velvet. Above this, across the back, six rows of the narrow velvet, and up the sides three only. Edge the hem across the back with deep tassel or Thibet fringe. Gather on this square piece and arrange it at the back and sides of the dress. Trim the body and sleeves with fringe and velvet to correspond.

Fur is likely to be worn more than ever this season. Velvet and rich faille silk will be very popular. The taste is for everything thick and heavy, and making massy folds. Serges are much patronised. For carriage wear serge dresses of white are much liked, and are trimmed with black. White shawl polonaise mantles, bordered and fringed with grey, are in vogue for carriage wear. Shawl dresses will again be fashionable, especially the body and tunic, only over different skirts. Many of the shawl polonaises will have a jacket back over the tunic. Shawl dresses with patterns on them will be considered vulgar. The colour should be plain with a border only of a darker shade.

Coloured embroidery is about to be brought into fashion. Some of our elder readers may remember the sort of thing in the wardrobes of their mothers and grandmothers. It is executed in coloured floss silks on china crêpe gauze and net, in natural and bright colours, representing butterflies and flowers. A robe thus made of roses of various tints on gauze was recently worn in Paris by a young lady of distinction over a new pale colour, designated by the whimsical name of *Jambe de Nymph*. A tunic of sky blue surmounted this skirt, and was made open in front and looped back with roses. The low bodice had a berthe of embroidered gauze.

The authorities that be in the fashionable world of Paris have determined to return to great simplicity in dress, in colour as well as in make. So we may expect a more artistic and severe contour will shortly prevail. A new colour has been brought out across the Channel, called *Paris en feu*. It is not popular.

Very pretty and graceful veils for bonnets have been introduced. They are two yards long, are thrown quite over the bonnet, crossed behind, and the ends brought round and pinned with a bow or a brooch on the bosom. Made of black tulle or spotted silk net, the effect is admirable and quite Spanish. In white, over a hat and bonnet, they seem like a cloud, and we recommend them to the notice of bridesmaids, for combining the novel with the pretty. They may be made of fine silk illusion, and pinned in front with a bouquet the size of a bunch of violets of similar flowers to those worn in the bonnet or hat.

CROCHET ANTIMACASSAR.

Star and Maltese Cross.

Materials.—Walter Evans and Co.'s Boar's Head cotton, No. 6; Walker's Penelope Hook, No. 4½. Make a ring of sixteen chain. *First round.* Work into this twenty-four double crochet. *Second round.* Two treble in every stitch. There should be forty-eight in all. *Third round.* Six treble, with one chain after the first five, into successive loops. Fifteen chain, one double on the eighth stitch from the needle to make a loop. Seven more double on the seven remaining chain. Repeat eight times more, every stitch is thus worked into. *Fourth round.* You will count six treble between each point or stalk. Make one double crochet into the loop of one chain in the centre of these. Six chain, work into the ring at the top of the point made in last row four double crochet, with five chain between each; five more chain; one more double crochet in the same ring. Make six chain, and repeat all round.

This completes a star. After working one it will be easy so to arrange as to work them without breaking off the cotton to form the rows.

Join the second star by two points next each other to the first star. The join is made by the centre of the five chain of five each. The third star join to the second by the two points next to those joined to the first star. Join the fourth star to the third star by the two points next to those which join it to the second, and also join the fourth to the first star, so as to form a square of the four stars.

The Maltese Cross is to be worked in the centre of these four stars, and attached to the four loops of five chain that belong to the points of the stars at each side of the square.

Make a ring of eight. Work twenty treble into it. *Second round.* One double crochet, six chain. Join by one plain to the first loop of five chain on one side of the square. Six chain, one double chain on the next treble of the central ring. Six chain, one plain through the second loop of five chain, on the same side of the square. Six chain, double crochet on the next treble of the ring. Six chain, unite by one plain the third loop of five chain on the same side of the square. Six chain, one double crochet on the next treble of the foundation ring. Six chain, one plain into the fourth loop of five chain on the same side of the square. Six chain, one double crochet on the next treble of the ring. Unite the other four sides of the square in a similar way.

The work should be done rather tight. This antimacassar is singularly handsome, and not very tedious to work.

A HANDSOME KNITTED QUILT.

I recently saw a very handsome quilt, which, on close inspection, I found was simply made of squares of plain knitting, about four inches square, joined as diamonds, alternately white and magenta. On the white a flower of two shades of amber, yellow, and golden brown, with bright dark green leaves, was worked in cross-stitch with double wool. The vandyked edge formed by the diamonds each had a magenta wool tassel attached, made by hand. Although looking quite new, I was told the quilt had been washed. The combination of colours had a most beautiful and uncommon effect.

DESCRIPTIONS OF OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

Fig. 1.—Carriage Toilette.—Bonnet of black velvet, trimmed with the new pink, a lively flesh colour, a black lace and a pink feather. Mantle, black cloth braided and trimmed with cords. Robe, a deep brickdust colour, between a brown and a red, of double cashmere.

Fig. 2.—Carriage Toilette.—Bonnet of white chip trimmed with dahlia colour and a large dahlia-coloured rose. Mantle of black velvet, trimmed with satin bands and lace. Robe, a long plain skirt of dahlia-coloured faille.

Fig. 3.—A hat for a young lady composed of black velvet, black lace, and a beautiful new kind of feather, like a coronet.

Fig. 4.—A lady's hat of black straw, trimmed with black velvet, lace, and terry ribbon. A bouquet of flowers at the top.

Fig. 5.—Toilette de Ville of Brown Alpaca.—Skirt to touch the ground, trimmed with a wide flounce, bound and headed with cross-way band, piped with white. Small stand up frill above flounce. The flounces is put on skirt so as to form a deep loop on right and left of skirt. A large bow of same material is placed at top, simulating bow and ends. Tunic trimmed round with two cross-way tucks and stand-up frill, piped with white. The tunic is slightly looped up at sides with a bow of same material and tab placed under tunic, trimmed to correspond. Loose jacket, cut up at sides and back, and trimmed with cross-way band. Loose sleeve, cut up front and back, trimmed to match. White muslin tucker. Brown straw hat, trimmed with brown velvet and corn flowers. Brown velvet bow at neck. Buff Danish kid gloves.

Fig. 6.—Toilette de Ville.—Light grey twill skirt to touch the ground, trimmed with fluted frill at bottom, with a scolloped plaiting, edged with brown piping; brown bows intersected with the plaiting. Brown twill train tunic, looped up at back and trimmed round with plaiting and bows. Body, with points back and front, trimmed square, and with bows down front and bows at shoulders. Lace tucker round neck. Tight sleeves to wrists, with plaiting round wrists, and pagoda over-sleeves—also trimmed with plaiting and bows. Brown straw gipsy bonnet, trimmed with brown lace and wild flowers. Brown bow and ends at back, and brown strings. Danish kid gloves.

Fig. 7.—Toilette de Ville of Buff Alpaca.—Skirt to touch the ground, with deep-plaited flounce bound with black velvet, and headed with a stand-up frill also bound with black velvet. A trimming of black velvet loops and bows and ends is also placed on flounce. Polonaise of brown twill, bound with black velvet and looped up at sides. The back of polonaise is fulled in at waist at back under the body. The body, with the two back basques and front of polonaise, is cut in one piece. The basque and front of polonaise are also edged with black velvet. Coat sleeves, with pagoda frill, bound with black velvet. Lace tucker and sleeves. White chip bonnet, with curtain, trimmed with brown ribbon and feathers. Brown strings. Buff Danish kid gloves.

FANCY WORK.

Fig. 8.—Design in tricot in Berlin wool for a berceaunette cover.

Fig. 9.—Shows the detail of working it.

Fig. 10.—Ornamental Basket.—It is composed of the ordinary close straw, bands wide enough to go round the rim of the lid, and round the upper and lower edge are cut out of scarlet cloth or cachmere and then pinked like the illustration. The edge is over-cast with black single Berlin wool and stars, worked in it by a couple of stitches crossed. A similar piece is shaped for the top. The straw of the basket is worked with stars of scarlet wood.

Fig. 11.—Tatted Edging.—The materials: A small shuttle, and Boar's-head Crochet Cotton, Nos. 20 and 30, together with a tatting-pin. The design given should be formed of pearl and double stitches, as seen, and worked with the shuttle upon the real thread for the curves; but for the ovals, only with the shuttle thread. The spider's web should be worked with the No. 30 cotton.

Fig. 12, Design in Point Lace.—To be traced on the transparent cloth and worked from the design.

Fig. 13.—Guipure Edging.—The escallops are formed in button-hole stitch on muslin, in No. 24 embroidery cotton. The English rosettes in Nos. 20 and 30 Walker, Evans, and Co's, Boar's-head cotton, and Walker's elliptic needles. The rosettes are worked first.

DESCRIPTION OF OUR COLOURED ILLUSTRATION.

Fig. 1.—Promenade costume of Havannah silk. A plain skirt edged with a kilt-pleated frill, with a slight heading. Above this a broad band of self-coloured velvet ribbon. The jacket may be composed of faille silk or velvet, or cloth. The shape is that which we give in our cut paper pattern. It is trimmed with satin piping and a handsome fringe. Sailors' hat of grey felt with a blue bow and ends behind.

Fig. 2.—Is a robe of Iris-coloured double cachmere, made with a kilt pleated flounce, headed by six rows of narrow velvet, laid round the skirt in triplets. Hat of Iris velvet, with a plume of shade ostrich tips.

Fig. 3.—A robe of lavender cachmere (double) handsomely braided. A kilt-pleated flounce, with a braided band above it, and a heading. Polonaise with a braided border and a fringe, looped up behind. Braided sleeve. This dress in silk hand-embroidered is very handsome. Also in black double cachmere braided or embroidered with black and jet beads, the design forms a most ladylike costume. Bonnet of two pleated coronets of rose-coloured velvet, a grey flower and black aigrette at one side, and at the back, scarf ends of grey terry silk fringed, and set on with a handsome bow.

Fig. 4.—Polonaise of brown velvet over a skirt of brown cachmere, with kilt-pleated satin flounces, headed by bands of cachmere piped with satin. Bonnet of blue terry, with a diadem of terry ribbon, edged with lace above a bandeau of terry. At the side, a cockade of ribbon and a flower.

Fig. 5.—A dress of green faille, with a train as a robe of ceremony. Suitable for driving out or indoor evening wear. Velvet mantle trimmed with fringe of knotted tassels and a handsome heading. Bonnet of terry, with a plume of white ostrich tips.

Fig. 6.—Dress of ruby-coloured satin cloth, made with one frill and three bias bands piped with terry velvet. Panier edged with a frill. Mantle of black cloth trimmed with silk bands and a tassel fringe; or of velvet, with bands of satin and fringe, or Maltese lace in place of fringe. Bonnet of crimson terry velvet and black lace ruche. A cockade of ribbon and a black aigrette at the side.

DESCRIPTION OF OUR CUT PAPER PATTERN.

The pattern is that of a mantle like Fig. 1, in our sheet of fashion illustrations. It is suitable to be made of cloth, velvet, or corded silk. It will be found to require very little material. The pattern consists of six pieces—viz., two pieces for the sleeve; one back; one front; side piece of front, side piece of back. The back is that narrowest at the waist; the back side piece is that sloped away most at the narrow end, which forms a part of the basque. If made of velvet or silk, trim with satin bands. If cloth, with silk bands. The edge of the basque is trimmed all round with a handsome knotted Chinese fringe.

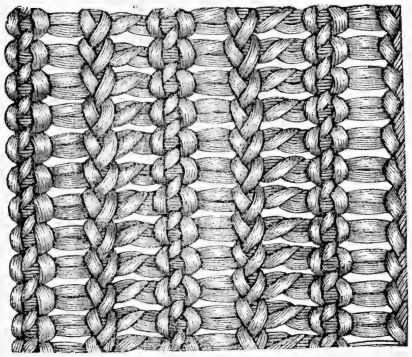

Fig. 8.—Tricot Design.

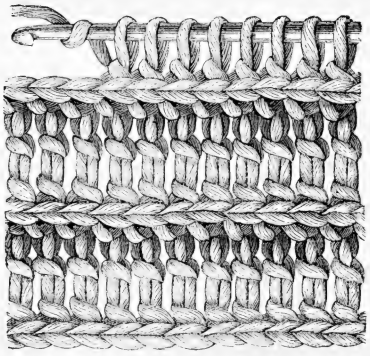

Fig. 9.—Detail of Tricot Design.

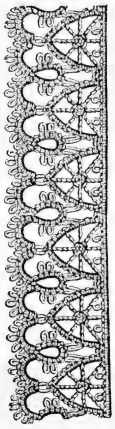

Fig. 11.—Tatted Edging.

Fig. 10.—Ornamental Basket.

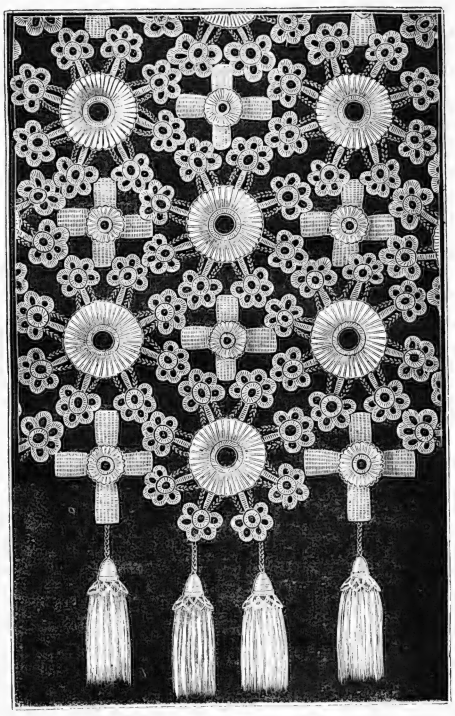

Fig. 12.—Star and Maltese Cross Antimacassar.

Fig. 1.—Carriage Toilette.

Fig. 2.—Carriage Toilette.

Fig. 3.—Hat for Young Lady.

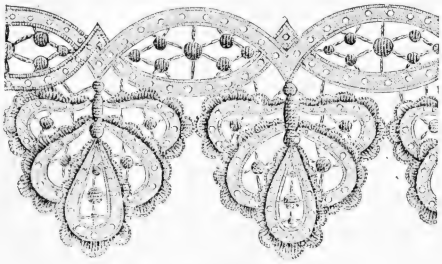

Fig. 13.—Guipure Insertion.

Fig. 4.—A Lady's Hat.

Fig. 5.—Toilettes de Ville. Fig. 6. Fig. 7.

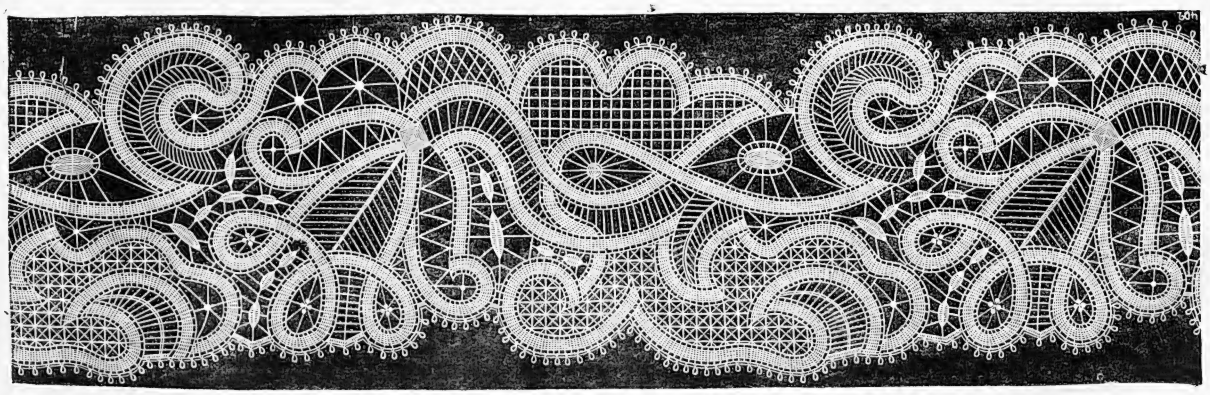

Fig. 14.—Point Lace.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.—Mr. MAPLESON begs respectfully to announce that he has taken the Royal Italian Opera, Covent-garden, for the purpose of giving a SHORT SERIES of OPERATIC PERFORMANCES, commencing MONDAY NEXT, Oct. 30, 1871.

PROSPECTIVE ARRANGEMENTS.

Titiens.—Trebelli-Bettini.

On MONDAY NEXT, Oct. 30, will be performed Rossini's Opera, SEMIRAMIDE: Assur, Signor Agnesi; Oroe, Signor Foli; Idreno, Signor Rinaldini; L'Ombra di Nino, Signor Casaboni; Arsace, Madame Trebelli-Bettini; and Semiramide, Mdlle. Titiens. Director of the Music, and Conductor, Signor Li Calsi.

Mdlle. Marie Marimon.—On Tuesday next, Oct. 31, Bellini's Opera, LA SONNAMBULA: Elvino, Signor Fancelli; Amina, Mdlle. Marie Marimon.

Titiens.—Trebelli-Bettini.—Thursday, Nov. 2, Donizetti's Opera, LUCREZIA BORGIA. After which, the Resuscitation Scene from ROBERT LE DIABLE.

Extra Night.—Mdlle. Marie Marimon.—Friday, Nov. 3, Donizetti's Opera, LA FIGLIA DEL REGGIMENTO. After which, a BALLET DIVERTISSEMENT.

Début of Mdlle. Jeannie Devries.—Saturday, Nov. 4, Verdi's Opera, LA TRAVIATA: Violetta Valery, Mdlle. Jeanne Devries (her first appearance in this country).

Prices of admission.—Stalls, 12s. 6d.; grand tier circle seats, 10s. 6d.; reserved box seats, 7s.; amphitheatre stalls (reserved), 5s.; amphitheatre stalls (unreserved), 4s.; pit, 5s.; amphitheatre, 2s.; private boxes, from £4 4s. to £1 1s.

Application for boxes and stalls to be made to Mr. Edward Hall, at the Box-office.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.—Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. F. B. Chatterton. Every evening until further notice, Her Majesty's servants will perform the laughable Farce, by J. Oxenford, entitled THE RIGHT MAN IN THE WRONG PLACE, in which the members of the celebrated Vokes Family will appear. After which, at a quarter to eight, will be produced a new Historical and Romantic Drama, entitled REBECCA, founded on Sir Walter Scott's celebrated novel of "Ivanhoe," adapted by Andrew Halliday, in which Mr. Phelps and Miss Neilson will appear, supported by a Powerful Company, illustrated with Characteristic Scenery by William Beverley. To conclude with, at 10.30, a new Farce, No, 6, DUKE-STREET, written by Martei Beecher. Prices from Sixpence to Four Guineas. Box-office open from ten till five daily.

THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.—On Monday next, October 16th, and during the week, at 7, Sheridan's Comedy, THE RIVALS, in which Mr. Buckstone, who is now recovering from his severe indisposition, will appear as Bob Acres. Miss Amy Sedgwick will also appear in the Comic Drama, ONE GOOD TURN DESERVES ANOTHER. Concluding with MISCHIEF MAKING. Box-office open daily from 10 till 5.

LYCEUM THEATRE.—SOLE LESSEE and Manager, Mr. H. L. BATEMAN.—THIS EVENING, at 8.0., PICKWICK: Messrs. Henry Irving, Addison, Geo. Belmore, Crellin, Odell, Irish, Gaston Murray, Dyas, Frank Hall, &c.: Mesdames Minnie Sidney, Marion Hill, Kate Manor, Annie La Fontaine, Ewell, &c. At 7.0, A PLEASANT NEIGHBOUR: Christopher Strapp, Mr. F. W. Irish: Nancy Strapp, Mrs. Evan. To conclude with BAMBOOZLING: Mr. Charles Warner. Doors open at 6.0; commence at 7.0.—Box-office open daily from 10.0 to 5.0.

QUEEN'S.—THE TEMPEST TO-NIGHT.—This beautiful Play will be placed upon the stage with that care and attention hitherto displayed at this Theatre, no expense having been spared to render its production perfect. The Music will comprise, in addition to that of Arne and Purcell, Arthur Sullivan's celebrated music to "The Tempest," for which the Band will be augmented, and an efficient Chorus engaged: Musical Director, Mr. Schoening. The new and splendid Scenery by Mr. G. Gordon and W. Harford. The magnificent Dresses, from designs by Alfred Thompson, by Madame Ried. The Dances, for which a numerous Corps de Ballet has been engaged by Mr. F. Glover. The costly Properties by Messrs. Labhart and Boulanger. The extensive Machinery by Mr. Cowdry. The Play produced under the direction of Mr. Ryder. Box-office open daily, from 10.0 till 5.0.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.—Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. W. H. Liston.—EVERY EVENING, at 7.45, the new successful Drama, by Wilkie Collins, THE WOMAN IN WHITE, in which Mr. Vining will appear as Count Fosco; supported by Messrs. J. Billington, Wybert Reeve, E. Garden, and F. Robson; Misses Ada Dyas, Maria Daly, Marie Henderson, J. Irving, Mrs. Charles Viner. At 7 o'clock, THE BOOT ON THE RIGHT LEG; Messrs. H. Dalton, Garden, Robson; Misses Alice Cooke, Amy Steinberg, and Mrs. F. Robson. Box-office open from 10 till 5, under the direction of Mr. C. Nugent.

GLOBE THEATRE, Newcastle-street, Strand.—Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. H. J. Montague.—At 8.30, PARTNERS FOR LIFE; by H. J. Byron. Preceded by JOY IS DANGEROUS. Conclude with THE SWISS COTTAGE. Supported by Mesdames Carlotta Addison, Larkin, Maria Harris, Nelly Harris, and Miss Fanny Josephs; Messrs. Compton, David Fisher, Flocton, C. S. Neville, E. W. Garden, and Mr. H. J. Montague. Box-office open from 10 till 5. Doors open at 6.30, commence at 7. Acting Manager, Mr. T. E. Smale.

VAUDEVILLE THEATRE. — THIS EVENING, a New Comedietta, entitled AUTUMN MANŒUVRES. APPLE BLOSSOMS (at 7.40), a New and Original Comedy, in three Acts, by James Albery, Author of "Two Roses," supported by Messrs. Thomas Thorne, William Farren, Lyn Rayne, W. H. Stephens, C. Fenton, Elton, and David James; Mesdames Amy Fawsitt, T. Lavis, and A. Newton. THE ORANGE TREE AND THE HUMBLE BEE. At 10.15, the successful Extravaganza, by H. J. Byron, in which Messrs. Thomas Thorne, C. Fenton, H. Elton, Mercer, and David James; Mesdames Nelly Power, T. Lavis, and A. Newton will appear.

SURREY THEATRE.—Under the Sole Management of Mr. SHEPHERD.—Enormous Attraction.—Two Great Dramas. Immense Hit of Tom Taylor's Great Drama, THE TICKET OF LEAVE MAN. Mr. Henry Neville in his original character, Bob Brierly. Monday, October 30th, and during the week, Saturday excepted, the Grand Drama, WATCH AND WAIT, at 7; Messrs. Neville, Shepherd, Edgar; Mesdames Jones, Huddard, Edgar. Storm and Thunder Bolt. The Greatest Scene ever witnessed on any stage. At 9, TICKET OF LEAVE MAN: Messrs. Neville, Edgar, Warde, Murray, Butler, Yarnold; Mesdames Jones, Shepherd, Odson, Julia Daly. On Saturday, Nov. 4, Grand Change of Performance. In preparation, an adaptation of the late Charles Dickens last Novel, "Edwin Drood," entitled THE MYSTERY OF CLOISTERHAM, by D. H. Stevens, Esq. Powerfully cast, with entirely New Scenery and Effects. Private Boxes at all the Libraries. Box-office open from 11 till 4.

ROYAL AMPHITHEATRE AND CIRCUS, Holborn.—VICTOR and CHARLES JULIEN, "Sons of the Air," TO-NIGHT, in an entirely new performance. Vertical and horizontal leaps of 30 feet and upwards. The ne plus ultra of sensationalism without danger, and the most finished and graceful performance ever witnessed. All the Great Equestrian, Gymnastic, and Acrobatic Acts as usual. Open at 7.0, commence at 7.30.—Morning Performances every Wednesday and Saturday at 2.30. Prices: 4s., 2s., 1s. 6d., and 1s.; Children under Ten half-price. Omnibuses from all parts pass the door.

HENGLER'S GRAND CIRQUE, Argyll-street, Regent-street.—Brilliant Success. Enthusiastic Reception of this popular Company. The incomparable Artistes, Riders, Gymnasts, and Clowns, the splendid Stud of beautiful Horses and Ponies, delighted the large and fashionable audience on the opening night. Open every evening at 7.15, commence at 7.45. Grand Illuminated Matinées every Wednesday and Saturday. Open at 2, commence at 2.30. Prices, 6s., 3s., 2s., 1s.; Private Boxes, 42s. and 35s.

Sole Proprietor, Charles Hengler.

ROYAL POLYTECHNIC. — Professor Peppers' New Lecture, "ALL ABOUT GUN COTTON," Dynamite and Lithofracteur; with brilliant and *noiseless* Experiments, and Graphic Illustrations of the CATASTROPHE at STOWMARKET, by Vick and Deazeley.—Mr. George Grossmith, Jun.'s, New Sketch, THE SILVER WEDDING! with humorous and musical illustrations.—A perfectly new and unique illusion called the ARABIAN MYSTERY.—Novel and marvellous effects of the ELECTRIC LIGHT UNDER WATER, by Messrs. Heinke and Davis.—Occasionally, PARIS: as it Was and Is! by J. L. King, Esq., with Songs by Miss Alice Barth.—Open daily from 12 to 5 and 7 to 10.—Admission One Shilling.

HIGH-CLASS FASHIONABLE PAPER.

On SATURDAY, November 25, will be Published No. 1 of The ILLUSTRATED

BRIGHTON NEWS.

A Weekly Journal of News, Novellettes, Fashions, The Court, &c.

PRICE SIXPENCE.

Our Letter Basket.

F. G.—In "Cassell's Household Guide" you will find excellent directions for making patchwork.

Kate.—To work black point lace, you must procure a loose black silk braid, narrow. It will pull open in working. The stitches are done with black silk.

Would-be Artist.—No preparation is used in painting photographs. Wash off the grease with a camel's hair brush and clean water, or if that is ineffectual, with a sponge. Leave it to dry, removing as much water as possible with the brush. Put on the first tints of colour *before it is quite dry*. Other parts not tinted must be damped, and the paper left to absorb the moisture a little before putting on the first tint. Arrowroot paste and all such messes will only spoil your picture. It is only the albumetised photos that need even the damping. Salted paper admits of the best miniatures in the way of finish. It requires, to make it perfect, pressing after colouring. Millboard or paper manufacturers could do this for you.

An Old Friend.—A wedding present should be something for the bride to wear or for the house. Much depends upon the station in life. A gift to wear should be ornamental. Useful presents are most welcome to persons of small means, but to those well off let your gift be solely ornamental. A lady who enters society will value a beautiful bouquet holder, or a silver or ormolu cardcase, or a handsome fan; a photographic album, a pretty card-plate, a scent bottle or a vase, a toilet set, a handkerchief box, a Russia leather work case, &c., are less costly articles. A gold thimble would be a pretty present. Silver gilt in case can be purchased as low as 5s. Old friends and relatives often present such a thing as a handsome ring, services of plate, or a valuable clock. We have known some brides set up entirely in plate by the gifts of different relatives. Ascertain before you make a purchase what the bride already has. It is more difficult to discover what she is likely to receive. Hence, we knew a bride presented with three silver egg-stands, two cruet-stands, and three pairs of silver pianoforte candlesticks.

Mater.—Nurses are trained at the Royal Free Hospital and the Victoria Hospital, Chelsea. Yes; there is a British Nursing Association for Protestant Nurses, 85, Cambridge-place, Paddington. You may hear of foreign governesses at foreign libraries, *i.e.*, Thimm's, 8, Brook-street, Grosvenor-square, or Rolandi's, 20, Berners-street.

A Debutante.—We know of no book of etiquette that treats on the subject. A golden rule for a young lady is to converse always with her female friends as if a gentleman were of the party; and with young men as if her female companions were present.

A Young Schoolmistress is informed that if we were asked to give a proof of the goodness of Heaven to us, we should say that it is most manifest in the exquisite difference it has made between the souls of women and men, so as to create the possibility of the most comfortable and charming companionship that the mind of man can imagine.

Agnes Strickland.—Never despair, for it is quite certain that the sphere of your sex is being quietly enlarged in several directions. As telegraphists, copyists, painters, sculptors, private secretaries, magazine writers, revivalist preachers, platform orators, and actual voting burgesses, ladies are proving themselves more generally competent than the nobler sex was willing to believe them, however inclined to trust them with that indirect control over all things mundane which, when generously and lovingly wielded, with an appearance of submission to man's superior judgment, amounts to absolute supremacy.

Sympathy.—Visits of condolence should certainly be paid in slight mourning. It is thoughtless, and in our opinion improper and indecent, to neglect this token of respect.

Maria Harris.—Miss Harris, and indeed any of our fair correspondents, should not send their communications in pencil. Miss H. is thanked, but poetry (unless of the most exquisite order) is rarely admitted into our columns.

C. C. D.—We do not object to answer household questions, especially when so respectfully put to us by C. C. D., upper housemaid at Craven House. Referring to the carpets of this mansion, we beg to say that when one is taken up to be cleaned, the floor beneath it is generally very much covered with dust. This dust is very fine and dry, and poisonous to the lungs. Before removing it sprinkle the floor with very dilute carbolic acid, to kill any poisonous germs that may be present, and to thoroughly disinfect the floor and render it sweet.

Little Inquirer.—From the number of masculine writers who are troubling us about the "Woman's Right" question, we are tempted to think that gentlemen are becoming fearful that their rights as well as their supremacy are in a precarious condition; but we inform our correspondent that there exists no danger of the kind.

L. L. E.—Bonaparte the Great was short, but well made, his height was 5ft. 6in. Forehead high, expanded, and strongly defined. Eyes sedate and penetrating. Complexion sallow. Voice clear, sonorous and pleasing. Constitution robust and capable of enduring much fatigue. He possessed two remarkable peculiarities: 1st, his stomach could never retain more than it could digest, this made him temperate; 2nd, he could sleep at any time, however mentally burdened. If awoke from sleep a dozen times in a night he would give his orders clearly, and sleep again. The Napoleon Museum at Madame Tussaud's is richly worth your inspection.

Laura B. S.—We quite agree with you that offensive breath is a great misfortune. It is impossible for us to tell the cause. Sometimes it originates from hollow teeth. In that case, rinse the mouth after meals, and remove any portion of food adhering to the teeth. Camomile tea is also a good rinse. Sometimes the defect arises from spongy or unhealthy gums, and sometimes from disease of the lungs. It will also arise without any apparent cause. Study the diet, and use mild aperients if necessary, a tablespoonful of charcoal in water two or three times a day is excellent for our latter recommendation, especially if animal food is abjured for a day or two. A teaspoonful of squil vinegar and a little cinnamon water will increase the action of the charcoal. The following gargles are the best for alleviating an offensive breath: 1. Lime water. 2. Decoction of Peruvian bark. 3. Two ounces of compound alum water, half an ounce of essence of lemons, three ounces and a half of fennel water. Gargle before entering company.

Careless Carry.—Wantonly stopping the breath is a foolish and wretched practice. Persons have been known to expire from doing so.

Curious.—"Brownists" was a name once given to the sect known now as Independents, from Mr. Robert Brown, a gentleman and scholar, who once preached ably among them. He died in 1630, at the age of 80, in Northampton gaol, where he was sent for an assault. At one time he held a living in Northamptonshire, at which he never officiated, delegating the duty to a curate.

Incredulous Conny.—Neither. The Eddystone lighthouse is dovetailed together, and dovetailed into the solid rock.

Householder.—By experience we have found that cucumber rind instead of killing beetles only feeds them. Sweep your kitchen clean and free from crumbs every night, and lay traps. Whilst food abounds traps are of little comparative use. A rigid observance of these rules and cleanliness will soon banish the enemy.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK.

Oct. 29. Sunday.—Sunday after Trinity.
30. Monday.—
31. Tuesday.—Marquis of Westminster died.
Nov. 1. Wednesday.—All Saint's Day.
2. Thursday.—Michaelmas Term begins.
3. Storm in Liverpool, 1869.
4. George Peabody died, 1869.

LADY'S OWN PAPER

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 28, 1871.

The committee appointed for carrying out the arrangements in connection with the forthcoming Lord Mayor's Day have so curtailed the programme that the "Show" itself will be shorn of half the time-honoured characteristics so noticeable in previous years. It is said there is to be no military escort, and, worse than all to sightseers, few flags in the procession. The musical bands are to be curtailed, and, to mend matters, even the *cortege* is to drag its slow length along by way of the Thames Embankment to Westminster, instead of passing through the City as heretofore. What are we coming to? For some time past our juveniles have been deprived of the treat (to them) of gazing upon the men in armour, and the effigies of Gog and Magog hid their diminished heads years ago, so that it is really too bad of the great civic show folks to go on curtailing their amusements in this reckless manner. The time was when the Lord Mayor's Show on the 9th of November caused a prodigious influx of country visitors to the metropolis, solely for the gratification of beholding this relic of a past age, but even my Lord Mayor's pageant is falling into the far picturesque, it is evidently getting "small by degrees, and beautifully less."

It is well observed that there are no children now-a-days. We may remark there are no old people either, especially of the feminine gender. An elderly lady of our acquaintance, attempting to suit herself with a bonnet at a milliner's in Bond-street the other day, turned from the diminutive little things that were offered to her, and asked for something better adapted to her years. "My dear lady," replied the astonished shopkeeper, "there are no such thing sold in London now as old ladies' bonnets!" And true enough, when one sees every day in Oxford-street and Regent-street the frippery make-shifts for bonnets that crown grey heads, the loads of gaudy ribbons and still more gaudy flowers, from under which, with hideous incongruity, peep parchment faces, like the frail mementoes of mortality we behold in the catacombs, we feel that the principle of adaptedness in dress is out of date indeed—that fashion and fitness have no longer anything in common. When will these absurdities be ignored? When, indeed!

Since our last issue two most celebrated and justly distinguished Englishmen have departed this life almost simultaneously. We allude to Babbage and Murchison. These two eminent gentlemen were born about the same time, and after a long existence in each case of equal renown, died within four days of each other. Each was devoted to science, each made wonderful discoveries, each worked up to the latest period of his existence, and each attained the highest altitude of eminence and fame. It is not invidious now for us to declare, on the other hand, that one was successful and even fortunate beyond example, while to the other scientific triumphs unfortunately seemed to become occasions of bitter disappointment. A fair proportion of this contrast was doubtless due to the nature of their respective studies, but a great deal more, perhaps, to their relative characters, and to the infallible action of disposition in social life. Sir Roderick Murchison departed from amongst us full of honours as of years, while his equally able and laborious contemporary died, though numbering friends by hundreds, in comparative isolation. Yet the career of each was one of emulation. In the one case, an experienced and ardent soldier became almost by accident a popular geologist; in the other, a student of numbers pursued his researches in arithmetic with a single-minded and unsparing application to the subject before him. Mark the difference between these really great men. When Babbage was foiled in his desire to benefit his age, he made of the disappointment a personal as well as a public grievance; but the neglect of the great prediction of gold in Australia did not in the least embitter the mind or temper of Murchison. What a noble monument the latter leaves to posterity in the manner in which he identified himself with the fortunes of his friend Livingstone, and the last and best phase of his life was the tenacity with which he adhered to his belief that Livingstone would return.

We have seen the letter which the Home Secretary wrote in the name of the Queen to the Fenian Amnesty Association in reply to the memorial praying for the immediate release of the remaining prisoners. Mr. Bruce observes that "it does not appear" on what authority the memorialists assert that they represent "the Irish people." The Queen, he says, accepts the principle, "which is in conformity with the sentiment of the age," that political offenders may be dealt with leniently, as soon as the danger arising from their acts shall have passed away; but Her Majesty cannot admit that the murder of Sergeant Brett was a political offence, and still less can she class in the category of political offenders those who by "perjury and mutinous acts" have brought disgrace upon "the profession of gallant soldiers." The Queen recognises the humane feeling of the memorialists, but regrets that the document has been presented, because it may raise hopes which can only end in disappointment. Mr. Butt, M.P., presided at the meeting at which the Queen's letter was read. The hon. gentleman used some remarkable language in reference to the terms of the communication.

No one of our readers who remembers the unmitigated brutality of the offence, and the seeming inadequacy of the punishment, will be sorry to hear the explanation which the Rev. J. S. Birley gave at the Salford Sessions with reference to the case of the man who recently incited a bull-dog to worry his wife, at Aspull. It appears that the wife and other witnesses were exceedingly unwilling to give

evidence, and the Bench feared that if the prisoner were sent to the sessions the prosecutrix would not appear against him; under these circumstances they decided to deal summarily with the case, and sent the fellow to prison for six months, rather than run the risk of an acquittal. One can hardly understand such undeserved tenderness, but it was stated that after the man had been sentenced his wife sent his dinner and paid the money for his defence.

The latest *on dit* of the day is that Lord Dufferin who is by this time, or will be in a day or two, Earl of Carlingford, is to succeed to the Lord-Lieutenancy of Ireland, *vice* Earl Spencer resigned. This is only a reproduction of a report which was current several times in the course of this year when there were announcements of the retirement of Lord Spencer, and when the succession to the Lord-Lieutenancy was balanced between Lord Dufferin and Mr. Chichester Fortescue. Given the fact of Lord Spencer's retirement, which is by no means an improbability, nothing is more likely than that his successor should be Lord Dufferin, who is every way qualified for the office, and who, truth to say, has not yet attained to the position as a Ministerial official to which his undoubted capacity and experience entitle him. It is well known to the initiated that Lord Dufferin, who fills the sinecure post of Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, is anything but an idle and non-working member of the Government; for, besides discharging the duties of Paymaster-General, he is, as he himself describes, the "maid-of-all-work" of the Ministry, and has to do all sorts of jobs which are not positively departmental in their nature, and which, therefore, none of the heads of departments are willing to undertake.

Correspondence.

HOTEL CHARGES.

Sir,—I have had much occasion to travel this year, and am quite astonished at the very great difference in the charges of the various hotels where I located. At Eastbourne I was (there is no use in mincing matters) downright swindled, nor did I escape similar imposition at Brighton, and I imagine from the tariff which I was called upon to discharge at Scarborough, they must have taken me for an Indian prince. It is, therefore, fair to render unto Cæsar the things which belong to him, or in other words, to give praise where praise is due. A fortnight since, I was necessitated to visit Birmingham, and with awful forebodings as to the expense of my sojourn, I remained for ten days at the Great Western Hotel, and such was my treatment at this really excellent hostelry that I very much regretted I was compelled to leave it. The viands, the accommodation, and the attendance was far better than I could have anticipated and certainly equal to any of our choicest joint-stock London hotels. Above all, to my great pleasure and surprise, when I received my bill, I was perfectly astonished at the moderate figures against each several item. The total indeed was amazingly small in comparison with what I have been taxed at far inferior houses. Now, as your paper is extensively circulated, even in the "Black country," my mention of the hotel may be beneficially advantageous to both landlord and visitors. Yours, Mr. Editor, A Traveller.

Sir,—As I have not seen any notice in your excellent paper of a little machine and apparatus very valuable to ladies, I trust you will not think me impertinent for venturing to call your attention to the subject. It is a little arrangement of polished wood, easily carried in a travelling box or deposited in a comb bag. It screws to the table, mantelpiece, or any convenient abutment, and by means of a spring holds the artificial hair perfectly firm and secure whilst it is being brushed and arranged. I have often found it so troublesome to know what to do with the hair at such times. Also a little apparatus for keeping the strands of hair together and smooth during the operation of plaiting, which, with long hair, is so tiresome,—it constantly gets ruffled or mixed. There is also an invention for holding the chignon in a similar position, during brushing and plaiting operations. I am afraid whether you will allow me to mention names, but what is the use of describing a novelty unless you say where it can be procured? The inventor of this, if you will allow me to announce him, is Mr. Robert Douglas, of 21 and 23, Bond-street. He it is who has invented the soft and aerial frizettes, and aerial chignons, and plaits. A chignon and a plait, with which he has supplied me, are so light that they do not feel more cumbersome in the hand (or on the head, their destination), than an ostrich plume; and he is the sole inventor and maker of these plaits, for although several persons have tried to do it, I find all theirs are heavier. It is difficult to believe that anything looking so massy can feel so light, but I think Whitby jet forms a fair parallel. I cannot help also adding that Mr. Douglas has added millinery, flower headdresses, Dolly Vardens, &c., to his business, and I saw there humming birds on sprays attached to bows for the hair, and a charming thing in feathers, a band or coronet of ostrich curled each way to cross the brow, and a long scarf-like end of elegant feathers falling towards the back on the shoulder. I should like to describe some of the Parisian bonnets, but fear I have already trespassed too far on your valuable space.—I am, Sir, yours faithfully, Thisbe.

October 25, 1871.

Court and Fashionable News.

THE COURT.

The Queen drove out on Wednesday afternoon, accompanied by Princess Beatrice, and attended by the Marchioness of Ely.

Prince Arthur left the Castle, attended by Lieutenant Fitzgerald, for Inverary.

The Queen went out on Thursday morning, accompanied by Princess Beatrice.

Her Majesty drove out in the afternoon, attended by the Marchioness of Ely.

The Hon. Harriet Phipps and the Hon. Mary Pitt have arrived at the Castle as the Maids of Honour in Waiting to Her Majesty.

The Queen, accompanied by Princess Beatrice, went out on Friday morning; and in the afternoon went for a drive, accompanied by Prince Leopold, and attended by the Marchioness of Ely.

The Lord Chancellor left the Castle on Friday morning for London.

The Queen went out on Saturday morning, attended by the Marchioness of Ely, and in the afternoon drove out, accompanied by Princess Beatrice, and attended by the Marchioness of Ely.

The Queen's health has greatly improved, but Her Majesty is still unable to join the family circle at meals, or to take walking exercise.

Divine service was performed in the Castle on Sunday by the Rev. Donald M'Leod, of Glasgow, in the presence of the Queen, Princess Beatrice, Prince Leopold, and the Royal household.

The Queen went out on Monday morning, accompanied by Princess Beatrice, and attended by the Hon. Harriet Phipps. In the afternoon Her Majesty drove out, attended by the Marchioness of Ely.

THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES.

The Prince and Princess of Wales, attended by the Marchioness of Carmarthen and Lieutenant Colonel Keppel, arrived at Marlborough House on Saturday evening from Drumlanrig Castle. The Prince and Princess attended Divine service on Sunday.

The Brazilian Chargé d'Affaires presented to the Prince of Wales, in the name of the Emperor of Brazil, the Order of the Southern Cross, at Marlborough House, on Monday.

The Princess of Wales drove out on Monday, attended by the Marchioness of Carmarthen.

The Duke of Edinburgh dined with the Prince and Princess of Wales at Marlborough House.

The Princess of Wales drove out on Wednesday, attended by the Marchioness of Carmarthen.

PRINCE ARTHUR AT INVERARY.

His Royal Highness Prince Arthur and the other distinguished persons at present composing the ducal circle at Inverary Castle continue to make the most of their sojourn. Saturday proved showery, with only short intervals of sunshine. On Sunday forenoon their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess attended Divine service in the parish church of Inverary. The Duchess of Argyll, the Marquis of Lorne, the Misses Musurus, and the Hon. Messrs. Howard and Fitzgerald were also present. It being communion time, Prince Arthur, the Princess Louise, and the Misses Musurus retired after the sermon, and the Marquis and his mother and sisters seated themselves at the communion table. Arrangements are made for having a series of otter hunts during the present week on the streams in the neighbourhood of Inverary. On Monday morning the Hon. Mr. Howard left the castle for England, proceeding in the Duke's yacht to Ardrishaig, and thence per the Pioneer to Greenock. In the afternoon the Prince went with Lord Lorne, the Princess, the Misses Musurus, and Lord Roden on a picnic excursion to the interesting ruins of Dunderave Castle, near the head of Lochfyne. It rained most of the time, yet the excursionists enjoyed themselves, merrily bivouacking under plaids and shawls ingeniously fixed up within the roofless pile. During the collation several songs, both in English and Gaelic, were sung by the Marquis's gamekeeper and one of the bargemen. Their Royal Highnesses appeared much amused, especially with the Celtic lilts. The party returned to the castle in the evening.

THE ROYAL VISIT TO DRUMLANRIG CASTLE.

Their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales, who have been on a visit to the Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch, at Drumlanrig Castle, Thornhill, took their departure on Saturday morning. It had been previously arranged that all the workers on the estate should have a holiday in honour of the event, and, with their wives and families, they lined the approach to the castle, through which the royal carriage passed. Unfortunately the morning was very wet; so much so, that their royal highnesses were compelled to travel in a closed carriage, although it was their intention to travel in an open one, at a slow pace through Thornhill, for the purpose of witnessing the decorations in connection with their visit, and receiving the greetings of the villagers. Their royal highnesses were accompanied to the station by the Duke of Buccleuch and the Earl of Dalkeith, and attended by Colonel Keppel, equerry in waiting, and the Marchioness of Carmarthen, lady in waiting. Three companies of volunteers—those belonging to Thornhill, Penpont, and Sanquhar, formed a guard of honour, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel J. Gilchrist Clarke; and the band, which was also present, played as the royal party drove up to the station. The Duke of Buccleuch parted with his royal guests, after cordially shaking hands with them, and they were accompanied on their journey south by the Earl of Dalkeith, in addition to their other attendants. The train was due at Dumfries Station at noon, when the provost and magistrates attended in their official capacity to greet their royal highnesses. On Tuesday evening, through some mismanagement, although the provost and magistrates, with a guard of honour consisting of the staff of the Scottish Borderers Militia and their excellent band, were present on the platform to welcome the royal visitors, the train left before His Royal Highness had an opportunity of seeing them. The prince, as well as the Duke of Buccleuch and the Earl of Dalkeith, on learning of this occurrence, expressed their deep regret at the misunderstanding which had led to it; and accordingly after the train had halted on Saturday morning, Provost Harkness was introduced to the Prince of Wales by the Earl of Dalkeith, and offered a suitable address; after which the Prince of Wales, thanked the provost and magistrates for their attendance and their loyal respects, expressed his regret that, through some misarrangement, he should have been prevented from receiving their congratulations on Tuesday evening. The Princess of Wales bowed her acknowledgments to the crowd as they cheered.

A ball was given on Friday evening at Drumlanrig Castle, at which about 100 distinguished visitors were present by invitation of the Duchess of Buccleuch. The castle was illuminated with the padella lights and variegated lamps, in a style far surpassing in splendour even the brilliant display of Tuesday night, when the royal visitors arrived. The people of Thornhill added greatly to the decorations made to welcome their royal highnesses, and each evening since their arrival the village has been beautifully illuminated. The inhabitants of Sanquhar, through which the shooting party (including his royal highness) passed on Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, evinced their gratification at the royal visit by erecting beautiful arches of evergreens, in addition to which nearly every house in the village was decorated with flags, the whole town being lighted up at night in an exceedingly brilliant style. On Friday night the summits of Auchenlone and the five Cairns (two hills in the Lowther range) were surmounted by huge bon fires, prepared by the loyal people of Wanlockhead. The magistrates and Town Council of Sanquhar also presented an address to his Royal Highness, through the Duke of Buccleuch, expressive of their loyalty to the Queen, and their love for the Princess and himself.

On Wednesday the distinguished party shot over Glenwharrie and the knowe at Sanquhar, on Thursday over the Barr Moor, and on Friday they visited the Tower of Sanquhar and Tudholes, and had some shooting there. His Royal Highness enjoyed the sport exceedingly, more especially the black game shooting (which, on the Buccleuch estate, is the finest in Scotland), and expressed himself highly gratified with all the proceedings.

On Wednesday the Princess of Wales, with the Duchess of Buccleuch and other distinguished lady visitors, were out on the estate, and had tea together in her Grace's room in the dairy at Holestane Farm. On Thursday they had tea in her Grace's room at Drumlanrig Gardens, and on Friday they visited Morton Castle, one of the finest and most romantic ruins in Dumfriesshire.

The visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales to Nithsdale will not soon be forgotten. Relic hunters have not been slack, and it is announced that several ladies will this winter wear in their hats the feathers of black game and grouse killed by his Royal Highness.

Music and the Drama.

ADELPHI.

It has so often been our pleasing duty to point out Mr. Frederick B. Chatterton as the greatest and most judicious of theatrical managers that we are puzzled how to reconcile our opinion of his talents with the production of a wretched farrago of nonsense, written by Mr. Charles Lamb Kenney, and entitled *Our Autumn Manœuvres*. Anything more feeble, more drivelling, more inane, than this trash we never witnessed. It is difficult to conceive how any author could be so lost to all sense of self-respect as to put his name to such a production, or how any manager could have consented to give it stage room. However, there it is; and there, too, are Mrs. Alfred Mellon, Miss Maude Howard, Mr. Brittain Wright, Mr. Ashley, and Mr. Lilly, doing all that human nature can do to raise it from the depths of dreariness into which it is plunged—but all in vain! Not all the histrionic genius that has adorned the English stage for three hundred years could redeem it. It is absolutely too bad to be worth a hiss.

LYCEUM.

If there be in all the wide world of letters one work which is in its form and substance more undramatic than all the rest, that book must surely be "The Pickwick Papers." A mere string of incidents having but the slightest possible connection with each other, and with the merest thread of a story running through them all, it is utterly wanting in all the requisites of a stage play. Yet have several dramatists cast longing eyes at the strongly marked characters drawn by the masterhand of the great novelist, and ardently desired to introduce them into the full glare of the footlights. In consequence of this longing we had many years ago at the Strand Theatre a version confining itself principally to the sayings and doings of Sam Weller, in which Mr. Hammond achieved fame and profit as the glorious "Boots of the White Hart." Now Mr. Albery has given us at the Lyceum another version, in which the central figure is Jingle,—"Alfred Jingle, Esq., of No Hall, Nowhere;" and as time goes on we may expect to see a "Potts Pickwick," a "Tupman Pickwick," a "Winkle Pickwick," a "Fat Boy Pickwick," and so on through the rest of the characters. In the mean time, however, let us return to Mr. Albery's Jingle. After our preface it will hardly be expected that we shall credit the author of the *Two Roses* with the production of a great drama, but on the other hand it may be said that he has perhaps succeeded as well as his materials would allow. He has provided good parts for a number of excellent actors, and has placed upon the stage a succession of effective pictures which recall to our memories the old situations over which we have laughed a hundred times. Commencing with the introduction of Jingle at Wardle's farm, and his derangement of Tupman's love-making with Rachel, we have the flight of the daring adventurer with the elderly spinster in a real post-chaise, with live horses, postillion, and everything complete. This brings the drop down triumphantly on the first act, but in the second there is a considerable falling off in the dramatic interest. At the White Hart we are of course, introduced to Sam Weller, and we have at length the scene in which Jingle gives up his lady-love. But he following scenes are dramatically weak, and there was on the first night much less applause at the end of this act—than at the conclusion of the first. In the third there is again a revival, thanks very much to the magnificent acting of Messrs. Irving, Odell, and Belmore. But it is needless to follow out the piece to its end. Do we not all know the adventures of Jingle in the story, and should not the changes made by the dramatist be allowed to come upon the spectator with all the force of surprise? The great attraction of the piece is in the acting, much of which is very good. First and best is the Jingle of Mr. Henry Irving, who is in this piece as well fitted with a part as in *Fanchette* he was unsuited. From the moment of his first appearance in his closely buttoned up and threadbare surtout coat, until, as the curtain falls on his genuine burst of feeling when he learns Pickwick's forgiving nature and generous intentions, he walked and talked the very Jingle that Dickens drew upon the page, and Phiz reproduced with his pencil. A more perfect realization of an author's creation few actors have ever achieved. Next in merit to this, is the Job Trotter of Mr. Odell, a very artistic portrait of the lachrymose humbug in the mulberry-coloured suit, who by his hypocrisy brings such unexpected disgrace on the name of Weller. At the Lyceum, however, the name is worthily upheld. On the principle of *seniores priores*, let us first mention Mr. Frank Hall's Tony. The old coachman, who has but little to do with the drama, stands out in the valentine-writing scene the grand representative of the old coaching days he has ever appeared in our imagination, while as his son, Mr. Belmore, we are inclined to think, really great comedian as he is, has rarely appeared to greater advantage. To say that he altogether realises our idea of the incomparable Sam would be absurd. Charles Dickens himself, in his readings, did not accomplish that feat. The fact is, that each reader builds up his own ideal of creations of this kind, and it is impossible for any two people to form exactly the same. But Mr. Belmore has his own conception, a perfectly justifiable one, and carries it out to the life. Of Mr. Addison as Pickwick it would be unfair to speak from the first night's experience, as he was manifestly suffering from illness, but his make-up was perfect, and the weakness that somewhat marred his performance has doubtless ere this altogether disappeared. Mr. Dyas as Tupman, and Mr. Gaston Murray as Nupkins, the Mayor of Ipswich, were both of them life-like sketches, while Mr. Royston as the fat boy, Mr. Irish as Parker the solicitor, and Miss Caroline Ewell as Miss Witherfield, the mistress of the seminary which Pickwick invaded in the dead of night, all carefully and cleverly sustained their respective characters. Calls on the first night were most enthusiastic, especially and most deservedly for Mr. Irving. After, with curious taste, a bust of Dickens had been exhibited on the stage, Mr. Albery responded to a call for "author," and *Pickwick* will doubtless hold its place in the bill for many weeks to come.

GAIETY.

It is curious that a dramatist of any degree should produce within forty-eight hours two pieces of such varying merit as Mr. Charles L. Kenney has done. Of one of them we have given an opinion above; the other, which is a new version of *La Belle Helene*, is a very fair French exercise. It was, apparently, not intended to be anything else. Consequently it may be a little dull, but there is nothing worthy of absolute condemnation. And if the dialogue were worse than it is it would not much matter, for the music is bright enough to compensate for it. The dances, arranged by the clever Payne Brothers, who take part therein, are excellent; the ballet is as beautiful, the dresses are as ravishing, the scenery and decorations as tasteful as is ever the case at this theatre. Then the acting is all, or nearly all, that could be desired. Very good indeed are Messrs. Stoyle and Taylor as Calchas and Ajax. Miss Julia Matthews plays Helene better than any part in opera bouffe in which we have yet seen her; Mr. Soutar is effective as her husband, Menelaus; and Mr. Maclean, as Agamemnon, acts with that care and finish which always distinguish him. Under the skilful guidance of Herr Meyer Lutz, band and chorus are highly efficient; and, altogether, the new version of *La Belle Helene* must be pronounced a genuine success.

ROYALTY.

So quickly is the taste for *opera bouffe* spreading in this country that not only is stage after stage being devoted to the production of French works, but new one's are being composed expressly for us. The latest example is *Paquita*, produced at

the Royalty on Saturday last. The new opera is written by Robert Reece, and composed by Mr. Mallandaine, and it may be said at once that it falls short of mediocrity in both respects. In the libretto there are jokes as old as Joe Miller, and Gilbert à Becket, and Albert Smith; in the music there are melodies as old as Auber, and Balfe, and Offenbach. Spite of these little drawbacks, however, most of the music is bright and sparkling, and the story, if slightly unintelligible, is lively. Then, too, the management has the advantage of counting in its company the best singer and actress in *opera bouffe* in England. Miss Augusta Thomson who plays the title *rôle*, works valiantly to ensure a success and not without results. She obtained several well-deserved encores and was enthusiastically recalled at the end of each act. M. Loredan also acquitted himself admirably, but the rest of the company were weak in the extreme. The band as usual was too loud, but otherwise very good.

SURREY THEATRE.

Myriads of delighted spectators continue to welcome Mr. Shepherd's return to the scene of his former triumphs, where formerly he wielded the managerial sceptre with so much honour to himself and satisfaction to his audiences. The opening attraction of *Watch and Wait* has been supplemented by the revival of Mr. Tom Taylor's celebrated drama, the *Ticket of Leave Man*, produced during Mrs. Emden's management of the Olympic. The great success of this drama was in a great degree owing to the very natural acting of Mr. Henry Neville in the character of Bob Brierley. Here again we have to compliment the taste of Mr. Shepherd in managing his theatre since the revival of the drama in question enables him to present a popular favourite in his original character. Mr. Neville's delineation of the unhappy Lancashire lad is as fresh and true to nature as ever, and brings down rightly thunder's of applause. The whole cast of the revival is highly creditable to the Surrey company, and where all are excellent it may appear invidious to particularise one or two individual members, but justice compels us to state that Mr. George Yarnold is a capital substitute for Mr. Vincent in the part of Melter Moss—indeed, we prefer this gentleman's conception of the character to that of its original representative. Then there is Miss Daly in poor Miss Raynham's *role* of Sam Willoughby—a charming bit of acting—and last, though not least, Mrs. Shepherd who, a lovely woman herself, makes the part she enacts trebly so on the boards of the Surrey. Altogether the revival is a decided success. The ever active manager has announced an adaptation of the "Mysteries of Edwin Drood." We are curious to learn the *dénouement* which the Surrey adapter has furnished to the last effort on earth of the incomparable Dickens. To us it seems almost sacrilege to touch the unfinished tale.

THEATRICAL AND MUSICAL JOTTINGS.

Mr. Harry Cox, of the St. James's Theatre has become so ill as to compel a temporary secession from the stage. It is thought that a sea voyage may be beneficial to this excellent comedian, and accordingly he contemplates a trip across the Atlantic.

Miss Kent, formerly of the Strand Theatre, is about returning to the stage. Her reappearance will be in the *role* of Katharine, in Shakspeare's *Taming of the Shrew*.

Lulu is likely to transfer her services to Astley's.

Leonora Sontag, a relation of the divine songstress of that name, is singing at an East-end music hall (!)

The "Vicar's Daughter" is already dramatised and in the hands of a manager at the West-end.

Following the enterprise of two London music publishing firms, a Paris house has commenced to issue a bijou edition of the best operas, with the words and pianoforte arrangement. The first is Rossini's *Italiana in Algieri*, and the cost is five francs the volume.

On Thursday evening Miss Elizabeth Newman gave the first of her present series of Dramatic Readings, including selections from the writings of Tennyson, Macaulay, Longfellow, and Bret Harte.

Two of the bouquets thrown upon the stage on different evenings to Mdlle. Titiens, during the recent operatic season in Glasgow, contained, one of them a pair of magnificent pearl earrings, and the other a beautiful necklace set with rubies and diamonds.

It is announced that Mr. Henry Betty will soon return to the stage. This gentleman was a decided ornament to the profession, and his reappearance on the stage will be welcomed with pleasure.

Dion Boucicault, in a spirited letter to the papers, complains of a flaw in the International Copyright Convention between France and England, by which English authors, though they may not actually translate a French piece, are allowed to imitate it.

Messrs. Hengler have serious thoughts of adding a stage for dramatic performances to the circus in Argyle-street.

M. Raphael Felix intends to produce a series of Molière's plays at the St. James's Theatre.

The Westminster play is this year to be the *Andria* of Terence.

Miss Rosie Mercer, a beautiful and accomplished actress in private life, is engaged to make a public appearance in London at one of our principal West-end theatres.

Mr. Creswick is decidedly carrying everything before him in America. His Cardinal Wolsey is a great hit.

Mr. Charles Dillon contemplates a trip to Australia.

The Holborn Theatre still remains closed.

Prince George Galitzin, who gave and conducted a series of concerts in St. James's Hall, is now in America, with a company of singers, to perform Russian operas.

This will be a busy night for the critics. At the Court theatre the season comences with Mr. Gilbert's new comedy *On Guard*; at the Queen's *The Tempest* is revived, and at the Gaiety Congreve's *Love for Love* will be played.

Their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales and the Duke of Edinburgh, accompanied by Lady Carmarthen, Colonel Keppel, Lieutenant Haig, and suite, honoured the Globe theatre with their presence on Wednesday night.

A cable telegram informs us that Mr. Sothern, on his re-appearance in New York, met with the most enthusiastic reception.

A fire broke out in the Court Theatre at Darmstadt on Tuesday evening, and the house was almost entirely burned down.

IMPUDENT FRAUD IN THE NAME OF THE EMPRESS EUGENIE.

At the Southwark Police-court, John Teitch, 16, a respectable-looking lad, described as an office boy, was charged with being concerned with another not in custody in obtaining 10s. from Lady Mary Egerton under the pretence that it was for the aid of the Empress Eugenie. The Equerry to the Emperor Napoleon was in attendance, with Mr. Albert, the interpreter. The chief inspector of the detective police at Scotland-yard said that about a fortnight ago he received information that several letters had been received by the nobility and gentry, asking for assistance for the Empress Eugenie, in consequence of which he went to 33, Lynton-road, St. James's-road, Bermondsey, in company of Serjeants Meiklejohn and Littlechild. About a quarter to seven he saw the prisoner enter the house and receive some letters. On leaving the house he went down a turning and under the lamp-post opened the two letters produced. Witness then went up to him, while he was reading the letter from Lady Mary Egerton, in which was a post-office order for 10s., and asked him to whom the letters belonged. He replied, "I'll tell you all about it. Last Saturday three weeks a lady in Bermondsey stopped me, and asked me for the Spa-road. I told her I was going that way and would show her. On the road she asked me who I was. I told her, and she asked me if I could see where letters could be received in this neighbourhood, and I told her I would, and made an appointment to meet her on another day. When she left me she gave me a draft of a letter, and asked me to make 40 copies, and meet her again. She then gave me the addresses, and requested me to put the copies in envelopes and send them off, giving me a sovereign to pay the expenses. I accordingly posted them as she requested. She said she would treat me liberally in proportion to the amounts received, and I have an appointment to meet her at nine o'clock to-morrow morning." Witness took him to his father's, and on the following morning accompanied him to St. Thomas-street, Borough, where he had appointed to meet the female, but after stopping there some time he was unable to point any one out to him. Witness then took him into custody. Witness added that at the time these letters were written and sent out the Emperor, Empress, and suite were absent from Chislehurst, the house being under repair. The Inspector here produced the letter forwarded, of which the following is a copy:—"Chislehurst, Oct 7, 1871.—Madame, I, as a lady attached to the household of the Empress Eugénie, venture you to address on her behalf. My beloved mistress is at present in great distress, and until expected supplies arrive from France I know not what we shall do. I therefore, madame, supplicate your aid. If, with the noble compassion that so much has distinguished you, you are willing to grant it, please make an order of the post-office payable to Madame Louise D'Almanville, at the post-office, Charing cross, London. I shall the metropolis visit on the 9th, and any communication addressed to Madame Louise D'Almanville, 33, Lynton-road, St. James's-road. S E., will be by me received, if this address reaches before the 16th Pardon madame, for assuming a false name, my own must be concealed; and I you implore is the name of the Holy Virgin to keep this letter a profound secret, for my royal mistress jealously guards her sorrow from the world, and would never forgive me if she knew what I had dared to write. Favour me by an early reply, madame, if possible, as I shall be in London for one week, and the name I myself permit to assume is not the one I bear at Chislehurst. Trusting to receive your gracious aid, I remain, madame, your devoted servant, Louise D'Almanville.—P.S. Do not, I pray you, refuse your help. Reflect that to assist a crowned head is the purpose, madame, of your gifts, and bestow them with that so great liberality for which the English nobility are justly famed. All shall be faithfully repaid on the arrival of relief from France." The following is the copy of a letter found in the prisoner's possession:—"To Madame Louise D'Almanville.—Madame, I am willing to help your mistress in any way that is possible, and I will send the post office order to Temple-bar—as much money as I can obtain. I cannot tell you my name, and I implore you not to try and find out who I am. I have answered the name of Julia de Norman in writing this letter, and you must write to me in that name, and address your letter post-office, Scarboro', Yorkshire. I implore you, madame, to keep this letter unknown to any one. I will send some money next Saturday if I have it by that time. I am obliged to send a very long way for it; believe me, madame, that I regret greatly not being able to send it at once. I am proud of the honour of helping one so great and so noble as the Empress Eugénie, and I trust to receive a letter from you, madame, to tell me if I may send the money on Saturday next. It is by a hazard that I know of your mistress's distress. I will keep it secret. I have hastened to write, and trust you may receive this safely.—I remain, madame, your devoted servant and friend, Julia Norman." The following is a copy of the letter the prisoner was reading, and it contained a post office order for 10s.:—"Mountfield Court, Robertsbridge, Hawkhurst, Oct. 15.—Madame—I enclose a post-office order for 10s., as a small proof of my sentiments with regard to the sad subject of your letter.—Yours, Mary Egerton." This letter was addressed to Madame Louise D'Almanville, 33, Lynton-road, St. James's-road, S.E., London. Mr. Benson asked if Lady Mary Egerton was in attendance. The Inspector replied in the negative. He had received a letter from her, and she was unable to come to London. He believed no other money was forwarded. The prisoner told him he had sent 40 letters, but they had traced only half a dozen. Witness had ascertained that the prisoner was employed at Messrs. Peter Lawson and Co.'s, Cannon-street, as a copying clerk, where also his father had been many years a confidential servant. Mr. Benson asked the prisoner whether he wished to ask the witness any questions. He replied in the negative. It was all true what the officer had stated, He did not know who the lady was who entrusted him to copy the letters and post them, and did all she asked him. Count Davillier was then sworn, and, through Mr. Albert, the interpreter, said he was first equerry to the Emperor Napoleon. Neither the Emperor, Empress, nor any of the suite knew of such letters being sent as those produced. There was no such person as Madame Louise D'Almanville among the suite, nor had any of them any knowledge of her or the letters. Mary Ann Arnold was called forward, and on being sworn said she lived at 33, Lynton-road, St. James's-road, Bermondsey. About a fortnight last Friday the prisoner came to her house and asked her if she would receive a few letters for a lady going on the Continent. She did not answer him at once, when he said, "She has paid me handsomely and would do the same to you." He paid her 7s. 6d., and told her to take the letters in and she would be paid more. She at last consented, believing everything to be honest, and the prisoner told her he would call for the letters every day. Witness took in three letters altogether, which the prisoner carried away. One of the letters had a black border, like that from Lady Mary Egerton. Mr. Benson asked the prisoner what he had to say in answer to the charge; it was one of a very serious nature, forwarding appeals with intent to defraud the British public. The prisoner said that what he had told the officer was true. He did not know where to find the lady. He was in a very respectable situation and would not wilfully do a criminal action. Mr. Benson told the prisoner that it was pretty clear he knew all about the attempted fraud, or he would not have opened the letters, and that he being no proof of any one else being concerned with him he sentenced him to three months, with hard labour.

A REMARKABLE PORTRAIT.

A painting of no great artistic value, but curious from historical associations, has been sold at the Hotel des Ventes for 87f. It is the portrait of the young German, Adam Lux who had the courage in the worst days of the First Reign of Terror to publish a eulogium on Charlotte Corday, whom he declared to be a "greater personage than Brutus;" and for that crime (for in those days such a declaration was a crime) died on the scaffold. Adam Lux had seen the victim by the side of the executioner in the fatal cart on its way to the guillotine, and that view had sufficed to inflame his enthusiastic imagination. "She was so beautiful," says M. Quinet, "and so passive in the midst of the terrified city, her countenance expressed such perfect joy at the sacrifice and her contempt for all that surrounded her, that the young man conceived for her a sudden passion; but there was something strange and almost superhuman in his love, as he only published his panegyric to obtain a death similar to hers." Another singular point is that this portrait is by the painter Hauer, who had already sketched the features of Charlotte Corday in her prison.

DOMESTIC HINTS.

To Restore Velvet.—Unpick it, if made up. Brush it quite clean. Get it held out for you pile uppermost and damp the back with water. Whilst yet damp pass a hot iron under it, inverting the iron. Velvet dyes and dips well.

To Remove Grease from a Woollen Dress, Carpets, or Furniture.—Make a poker red-hot. Hold it close, but do not let it touch or it will burn a hole. In a few moments the grease will disappear.

To keep Pearls Unimpaired.—Whenever worn wipe with a soft silk handkerchief or jeweller's wool before putting them away—the finest linen is not soft enough. On a fine day the pearls should occasionally be laid on the dressing table to air. Put them away with blue paper over them. Water and all liquids are fatal to pearls. If laid near strong scent it will injure them.

To Dress Linen Cuffs.—Mix two ounces of white gum in a breakfast cup of boiling water, and add a lump of sugar and a tiny piece of wax. Let it stand till cold. Bottle and cork close for use. Three tablespoonsful of starch in cold water to be mixed and stood till the sediment settles, and after that the water poured off, without disturbing the sediment. To the water add two tablespoonsfull of gum water. Do not iron the linen till two hours after starching.

GARDENING.

Kitchen Garden.—Take up and store Carrots, Beets, Scorzonera, and Salsify without delay. Parsnips may also be lifted if the ground is required, but it is preferable to leave them in their present quarters, as they are more buttery and sweet when cooked if but recently taken from the ground. If they are taken up now, lay them in rows close together in a spare corner out of doors. Chicory for salads requires much the same treatment as parsnips, but the roots intended for furnishing the first supply should be lifted and laid in by the heels, to stop the growth, and give the roots a rest before starting again. Seakale and Rhubarb intended for early forcing should also be treated in the same way. Full-grown Lettuce and Endive suffer if exposed to much damp and frost; therefore lift them carefully with a good ball of soil, and place in a cold frame or orchard-house. If the room indoors cannot be spared for this purpose, turn a flower-pot over each plant in damp or frosty weather, and place a piece of slate over the hole to prevent the wet running through. Some judgment is required in dealing with endive at this season of the year, as they retain the moisture so long, and soon rot if tied up wet. It is a very good plan to draw the soil about the plants? it helps to blanch the hearts, and at the same time protects them from frost.

Fruit Garden.—Planting may proceed without regard to the leafiness of the trees. They will soon shake their leaves off after being lifted. If the operation is delayed, bad weather may render it impossible to plant until perhaps late next spring, and the trees will lose a period of four or five months in making roots in their new quarters. Every practical man can call to mind having lost the early period of the planting season, and having to wait till March or April following, in consequence of rain, frost, snow, and other little incidents of the British winter.

Orchard trees are better pruned now than later in the season, as the dead and dying branches can be easier discerned while the trees are still in leaf than when they are quite bare. There is no mystery as to the pruning of standard trees. Never lop off large branches if it can be avoided: their removal is a positive injury to the tree; never cut carelessly or allow a bough to snap off when half sawn through. Remove a branch where two cross each other; remove those that screen the boughs below them from the sun; keep the heads of the trees open, so that every part is equally exposed to air and light; and remember all through that bearing trees very seldom grow too vigorously, or make wood where it is not wanted, and the less use of knife and saw the better.

Flower Garden.—Deciduous trees may be planted now *ad lib.* No occasion to wait for the falling of the leaf; never mind if they are as green as in July, take them up and dispose of them as required; the shift will do them more good than harm. Fruit-trees, roses, forest trees, ornamental shrubs, and all such things may be ordered in from the nurseries, and planted at once; and from this date every day gained is a real gain for the future well-being of the trees, which will begin to make roots directly, for the ground is *now warm*, but from this time will get cooler every day, and the longer planting is delayed, the longer will the trees require to make more new roots, on which their vigour next season will depend. Never plant while the ground is in a saturated state; if it does not crumble freely, wait a bit; meanwhile lay the trees in by the heels, to prevent injury to their roots by sunshine and drying winds.

Hardy Herbaceous Plants.—This is the best time in the whole year to form and plant collections, and this is a fortunate circumstance, because in arranging them for effect various hardy bulbs may be planted at the same time. Such things as primulas, polyanthuses daisies, &c., &c., may be parted and planted, and will be sure to make new roots immediately if the earth is pressed firmly to them.

AN AMERICAN CRITIC ON ENGLISH LADIES.

"Nothing can exaggerate the beauty, the distinction, the insolence, the perfect dressing of an English 'swell.' But who shall describe the women? Hawthorne, in a famous passage, has depicted one class with the colours of Rubens. The inveterate selfishness and arrogance which in the men produce calmness, ease, and a not ungraceful *hauteur*, take an aggressive form in the softer sex, making them hard and rude in manner, and giving them a bold, hostile expression. Their rigid training makes them stiff; their constitutional shyness, awkward; their national want of taste, dowdy. They are slaves of conventionality and outlaws of courtesy. As M. Edmond About says, they generally have teeth like the white keys of a piano, and this, together with a certain white-eyed, stony stare, produces a mewhat the effect of the Gorgon's head. Yet they often have beauty in a high degree—good brows, chiselled noses, well-shaped heads well set upon their shoulders, and those shoulders sufficient in themselves to carry off a world of plainness. . . . The quantity and variety of shabby finery with which an English woman loads herself on some occasions is only equalled by her shabby dowdiness on others. Yards of sky-blue, lemon and rose-coloured silks and satins trail in the dust of a race-course or cricket-ground, while for the daily walk or drive an Astrakhan or seal-skin coat is often pulled over a tumbled muslin, crowned by a sumptuous bonnet with soiled strings. The sensible fashion of short skirts in elegant morning costumes for out-of-door fêtes has not been adopted in England; to be *dressed* a woman must have a train. Not many ladies wear hats in London under penalty of disagreeable mistakes; they are inadmissible except on horseback, and then the high black hat, like a man's, is the only correct thing."

General Gleanings.

The hearing of the Tichborne case will be resumed on the 7th of next month.

The duty on railways in the year ended the 31st March last was £506,422 14s. 9½d., and on racehorses £9,189 19s.

Fees to the amount of £23 were paid to the clergy in respect in a single funeral at Battersea on a recent occasion.

The very marked improvement which has taken place in Mr. Bright's health justifies confidence in his early return to public life.

Rolleston Hall, the beautiful seat of Sir Tonman Mosley, Bart., near Burton-on-Trent, has been almost entirely destroyed by fire.

The old church at Topsham, Devonshire, is to be restored. It dates from the earliest part of the fifteenth century, and is one of several interesting churches in that part of the country.

It is said that the formation of a new society to regularly investigate spiritual phenomena is contemplated. Several scientific men of eminence are among the promoters.

A Bill is in course of preparation, and will be laid before Parliament early next session, to supply London with water from the Cumberland Lakes.

The Queen of the Belgians has been summoned by a dressmaker to pay her bill, amounting to 67,000f. Her Majesty refuses to discharge it on the grounds that the prices are exorbitant.

Mr. Daniel G. Fortune is at present engaged on a life-size portrait of the Lord Mayor, in the insignia of mayoralty; it is intended as a gift from his lordship to the City corporation.

Education is a better safeguard of liberty than a standing army. If we retrench the wages of the schoolmaster, we must raise those of the recruiting sergeant.

The largest rope in the world has been completed in Birmingham. It is about six miles long, five and a quarter inches in circumference, and weighs over 60 tons.

Mr. Michael Bass, M.P., has prepared a Bill, which he intends to introduce next session, to abolish process of recovery for any debt under the value of forty shillings.

Miss Harriet W. Terry, of Newhaven, has accepted the position of Lady Principal of Vassar College. This lady is a sister of Major-General Terry.

News comes from Spain that a panic has been caused among the inhabitants of Ronda by some brigands, who have seized the son of a magistrate, and demanded a ransom of 3,000dols.

Mr. John Bennett, the recently-elected sheriff, has shown his appreciation of the selection and his confidence in Mr. Beard by re-appointing him to the office of under-sheriff.

An old bachelor says that giving the ballot to women would not amount to anything practically, because they would insist that they were too young to vote until they got too old to take any interest in politics.

A cannon bearing the date of 1672, about the calibre of an 18-pounder, was discovered in some excavations made in Limerick. The gun is supposed to have been used in the siege of Limerick.

A remarkable case of suicide is reported from Carlisle. A man jumped off the Eden Bridge and was drowned. He left a paper stating that as Darwin had shown we were all monkeys, he did not care to live.

The subject of woman's rights or wrongs, or both, has even penetrated India; and the chief declaimer there is a lady bearing the very Hindooish name of Sree Rungamba Garee, who lectures in the principal cities with much success.

A marriage is about to take place between the Marquis de Huescar, son of the Duke de Torres Vedras, and Spanish grandee of the first class, and the eldest of the young Duchesses d'Albe, nieces of the Empress Eugénie.

The new York papers appear to have been puzzled to find a heading sufficiently striking for their reports of the Chicago fire. The *Tribune* printed "Chicago in ashes," but this was outdone by the *Herald* with "Chicago charred."

A Guild of Ladies is proposed to be formed to promote modesty of dress, to do away with extravagance, and substitute the neatness and sobriety suitable to women. Miss Harrison, of Swanage, Dorset, is acting as organiser of the guild.

The Surrey magistrates have granted a dancing licence to the proprietor of the South London Palace, a place of entertainment spoken of as having been well conducted during its existence as a music-hall.

A French chemist recommends grinding tea like coffee before pouring hot water upon it. He asserts that by this process it will be made to yield nearly double the amount of exhilarating qualities.

At a recent East Surrey election the following dialogue took place *àpropos* of the Ballot: A voice—Are you ashamed of your vote? Mr. Steer—No. The voice—Then what do you want the Ballot for? (Cheers and laughter) That's the case in a nutshell.

In addition to the eleven millions saved by not having to pay the commission to the bankers, it is said that the treaty of the 13th of October concluded with Germany appears to have effected a saving in favour of France of a sum exceeding 30,000,000f.

At Utah several more arrests have been made for polygamy.

The first meeting of the Society of Antiquaries for the session of 1871-72 takes place at Somerset House on the evening of November 23rd.

A new Town-hall for Wolverhampton has been opened by Lord Wrottesley, the Lieutenant of the county. It cost £20,000

The statue of the late Lord Derby, for which the Metropolitan Board of Works offered a site upon the Thames Embankment, is to be erected near the Houses of Parliament.

As a new bridge, thirty feet in height, over the canal at Mexborough, was being "pointed" by two men and a boy, it suddenly fell down, when one of the men was killed, and the boy seriously injured.

The dimensions of Chicago are twenty-one square miles, or six miles by three and a half. The fire, in its worst, has ravaged the tract lying one mile along the lake on both sides of the river.

The late meeting of the Education League is a matter of serious importance, on account not of the arguments brought forward, in which there is little new, but of the temper displayed, which breathes a peculiarly bitter and sectarian spirit.

A distinguished prelate in the midlands, detained by fate at a railway station remote from men, is said to have relieved his active mind by translating the advertisements of the waiting-room into Latin verse.

Lord William Lennox delivered his lecture on "Personal Reminiscences of Wellington" on Monday last at Queen's College, Woodgreen. The attendance was large.

A donation of 100 guineas from the Fishmongers' Company has been gratefully received by the Governors and Trustees of the Camden School for Girls.

At the meeting of the United Kingdom Alliance on Tuesday week, in Manchester it was resolved to raise a fund of £100,000 to carry on the war with intemperance, when three friends agreed to give £5,000 each, one £2,000, and seven £1,000 each. Altogether nearly £40,000 was subscribed.

Some alarm has been occasioned among the occupiers of the Peabody-buildings, Blackfriars, through the outbreak of scarlet fever. Dr. Bateson reports that he found eight persons suffering from the disease, and two cases had already proved fatal.

The Conservatives intend to nominate Mr. Disraeli for the Lord Rectorship of the Glasgow University. The right hon. gentleman has been brought forward unsuccessfully on two occasions, but his supporters hope for better fortune this time.

Miss Rye has sailed from the Mersey on board the Halifax mail steamer Nestorian, Captain Aird, accompanied by 130 girls, two boys, and two families of five children, for whom she intends to find homes in North America.

A meeting of the City magistrates has been held at Guildhall, the Lord Mayor presiding, at which Mr. John Bennett, the newly-elected Sheriff of London and Middlesex, was introduced to the Court and invited to take a seat on the Aldermen's Bench.

The censors in the shape of licensing magistrates have begun the pruning of some of the foul weeds that have so long been allowed to accumulate in and around London, as the licences of several of the principal places of amusement have been taken away.

An atrocious murder has been committed at Carrick Springer, about two miles from Moynalty, in the county of Meath. Mr. Edward Bryan, a farmer residing at this place, was shot dead in his own house under circumstances which leave little doubt that the outrage was agrarian.

A correspondent writing from Bonn tells an admirable story of a German general who, on inspecting his troops not long ago, addressed them thus:—"Now, my children, we can once more get seriously to work. *The pastime of war is at an end, and drill must go on regularly as heretofore.*"

It having been decided by the Executive Committee of the Bereers' Club for Ladies that it is to be dissolved in November, many of the members, to whom it has now become a necessity, are anxious that it should be continued under fresh management, and they have undertaken to ascertain how far this is practicable.

A noble work was fitly commemorated at the Mansion House one evening last week. The Prefect of the Seine, and the President of the Municipal Council, appeared before a distinguished company of Englishmen to express the thanks of Paris for the aid she received from the citizens of London in the dreadful days which succeeded the armistice of last January.

The "Chronopher" is the name of an instrument which has been devised to furnish correct time to places at a distance. It is proposed, by the use of this instrument—which will be stationed at the Greenwich Observatory—to flash from thence the true time, once a day, to all the principal cities in Europe, and to every post-office in England.

Epps's Chocolate.—"Nous n'avons en France qu'une seule usine où la préparation du Cacao emploie un matériel et un personnel aussi considérables que ceux que nous avons vus dans l'usine de Messieurs Epps. C'est une véritable curiosité dans son genre que cette immense fabrique."—*La Situation* (the Imperialist organ.) The wrapper of each cake of Chocolate is labelled "James Epps and Co., Homœopathic Chemists, London." Also, makers of Epps's Milky Chocolate (Chocolate and Condensed Milk).

A telegram from Suez says that Her Majesty's ship, the Iron Duke, has passed through the canal without impediment.

Acting as if its treasury were overflowing with money, and the resources of the country altogether at its disposal for the development of its military power, the French Government is preparing to establish a number of new camps at Rouen, Havre, Chalons, Bourges, Tours, Langres, and Dijon.

On Tuesday night last, shortly before ten o'clock, a fire broke out in Elm-court, Middle Temple, in the chambers of Mr. Asten, barrister-at-law. At one time it was feared that the entire block extending in one direction over 80ft. would have suffered, but the engines being quickly on the spot the flames were subdued.

The joy of the French criminals at the destruction of the guillotine is likely to be of short duration, as one of these instruments has been ordered from a carpenter on the Boulevard du Prince Eugène. M. Heindreich, executioner for the city of Paris, had some difficulty in finding a workman to construct it. The new guillotine will be painted black, and not red like the former one.

Latterly the Queen has actually been overloaded with presents. Another Burman Embassy is expected shortly in England who has been despatched to this country with letters and suitable presents for the Queen. Three viss of gold were given out one day three or four weeks since to make a necklace for Her Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria. Fancy the Queen wearing an ornament weighing some 9lb. or 10lb. on her neck!

It is rumoured that at each of the Cabinet Councils which have lately taken place there has been a discussion as to whether it might not be expedient during the existence of Her Majesty's indisposition to transfer some portion of her State duties to the Prince of Wales, assigning him as his residence Buckingham Palace, and increasing his present income by at least £30,000 a year.

The lady medical students at Edinburgh, in spite of the announced decision of the medical faculty of the University against their admission to the preliminary examination, have resolved to present themselves to the examiners.

In order to avoid the inconvenience which always arises from the stoppage of traffic in the City on the 9th of November, the Lord Mayor elect has determined to proceed to Westminster by the way of the Thames Embankment.

A society for organising charitable relief and repressing mendicity, similar to a number already established in various parts of the metropolitan district, has been formed at Woolwich, and the committee are actively preparing to commence operations.

On Wednesday morning the Rev. Selby Watson, who stands charged with having murdered his wife on Sunday, the 8th inst., was brought up on remand for further examination before Mr. Ellison, at Lambeth police-court and fully committed for trial.

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Holloway's Ointment and Pills.—Sore Throats.—There is in our variable clime no complaint more common than this, few more annoying or more troublesome to cure when neglected. The moment there is any hoarseness, or dry cough, the part affected, after fomentations with salt water, should be briskly rubbed with a piece of new flannel, to open the pores for absorbing the ointment, to be instantly applied; repeat the process twice a day. The most obstinate sore throat or cough will disappear before this treatment. It would always be as well while treating the disease externally with the ointment to take a course of the pills, which will give tone to the system, and expedite and confirm the cure.

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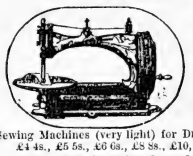

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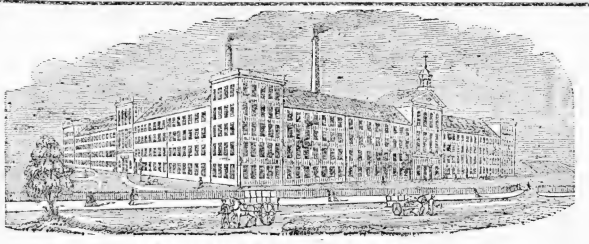

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AUTUMN 1871.

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And all kinds of Goods for
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Patterns sent free by post.

SILK MERCERS TO HER MAJESTY AND H.R.H. THE PRINCESS OF WALES.

MESSRS. PHIPPS and BARKER respectfully invite the attention of Ladies to their prices, and guarantee the quality of goods to be first-class.

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Satin Shoes, French	4s. 6d.
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Fénélon Shoes, with Bows	7s. 6d.
White, Black, and Bronze Kid Boots	9s. 6d.
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Kid Double Sole Walking Boots, M. Heels	16s. 6d.
Ditto, Single Soles	15s. 6d.

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Elegant Bonnets and Hats, 18s. 6d.
At Mme. ELLIOT'S,
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PIANOS, SECOND HAND, by Broadwood, Collard, and Tolkien, which have been returned from hire, nearly as good as new, will be sold considerably under their value for cash. Pianos and prices to suit all parties.—H. TOLKIEN, Pianoforte Warehouse, 27, King William-street, London Bridge, E.C., Established 40 years. Pianofortes for hire.

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MESSRS. NICHOLSON and CO. beg to inform their Customers in town and country that they have just received a large delivery of New Silks for Autumn, bought during the late depressed state of the Lyons market much under value. Ladies residing in the country can have patterns representing £10,000 worth of Silks to select from post free.
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£20,000 WORTH NEW SILKS. Coloured Glacés, thirty Shades, from 1s. 11½d. per yard. 500 Patterns post free, on the new seriatim plan.
At NICHOLSON'S.

£20,000 WORTH NEW SILKS. Checks and Stripes, from 1 guinea a Dress—reversible. 500 Patterns post free, on the new seriatim plan.
At NICHOLSON'S

£20,000 WORTH NEW SILKS. Moire Antiques, Corded Silks, Chéné and Broché Silks, from 2 guineas. 500 Patterns free, on the new seriatim plan.
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£5,000 WORTH of really ELEGANT and Useful Lyons SILKS, of last year's designs, at 2s. a yard under original prices. 5,000 Patterns free, on the new seriatim plan.
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NICHOLSON'S NEW DRESSES for WINTER.—Ladies throughout the United Kingdom are invited to write for 500 Patterns of New Dress Materials, comprising every novelty for the coming Winter.
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REAL GENOA VELVETEENS of surprising Brilliancy, Black and Colours, from 2s. to 5s. 6d. per yard. Patterns free.
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£1,000 WORTH of REAL SEAL JACKETS, beautiful Skins, carefully selected and well made, are now offered at 5 gs., 6 gs., and 8 gs. Sample Jacket sent on receipt of remittance; money returned if not approved.
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Established 1843.

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THESE EXCELLENT AND INEXPENSIVE
GLOVES
In the first choice only, are sold (Wholesale and Retail) at the same rate as in the Manufacturer's Depots at Brussels, viz.:
Price, with One Button, 2s. 6d. per pair.
Price, with Two Buttons, 2s. 9d. per pair.
Gentlemen's and Children's at proportionate prices.
A SINGLE PAIR, AS SAMPLE, BY POST AT THE SAME PRICE.

DEBENHAM AND FREEBODY,
WIGMORE STREET and WELBECK STREET, LONDON.

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RICH FRENCH SATIN CLOTHS, THE MOST FASHIONABLE DRESS FOR THE SEASON.
"QUALITE SUPERIEURE," the Texture being all wool, the Colours are of the most Brilliant kind, equal to
The following are some of the Newest Colours of the Season:—

MEXIQUE.	MYRTLE.
AZULINE.	NEW VERT.
PONCEAU.	SULTAN.
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HUMBOLDT.	NEW BROWN.
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PATTERNS FREE EVERYWHERE.
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Our New Stock for Autumn and Winter in—

RICH SATIN CLOTHS,	WATERPROOF TWEEDS,
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A PARCEL OF DRESS GOODS, 2¾D. TO 1S. 11½D. PER YARD.
COSTUMES IN GREAT VARIETY OF MATERIAL AND COLOUR, 6S. 11D. TO 21S.
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65 and 66 (late 48, 49, 50, and 53), FARRINGDON STREET, CITY.

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Early Autumn Fancy Cloths, 10s. 6d. to 25s.
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Early Autumn Plain Cloths, 6s. 11d. to 21s.
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Early Autumn Wool Poplins, 8s. 9d. to 12s. 6d.
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Early Autumn French Merinoes, 12s 6d. to 21s.
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Every Novelty, from 7s. 6d. to 55s. Full Dress.
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BAKER and CRISP'S		
New Plain Silks at	£1 19s. 6d.	Full Dress.
New Plain Glacés	1 19 6	,,
New Plain Gros Grains ..	2 2 0	,,
New Plain Poult de Soies..	2 19 6 to 5 gs.	
BAKER and CRISP'S		
New Corded Silks, at ..	£2 19s. 6d.	Full Dress.
New Corded Silks	3 7 6	,,
New Corded Silks	4 4 0 to 6 gs.	
BAKER and CRISP'S		
New Costume Satins, at ..	£2 2s 0d.	Full Dress.
New Costume Satins ..	2 12 6	,,
New Costume Satins ..	3 3 0	,,
New Costume Satins ..	3 19 6	,,
BAKER and CRISP'S		
New Fancy Silks, at ..	£1 15s. 6d.	Full Dress.
New Striped Silks ..	2 2 0	,,
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MISS GIFFORD,
COURT MILLINER
and
LADIES' RIDING and FANCY HATTER,
10, MOUNT-STREET, GROSVENOR-SQUARE,
and
39, BURLINGTON ARCADE.
Bonnets from One Guinea.

SMYTH'S SHOW ROOMS
FOR
MODES AND ROBES,
FRENCH BONNETS,
HATS AND HEAD DRESSES.
Facsimiles produced at half the Paris prices.
Cases sent on approval.
BRIDAL OUTFITS.
REGENT-CIRCUS, 109, OXFORD-STREET, and 276, REGENT-STREET.

A REMARKABLE OPPORTUNITY.
GREATEST BARGAINS OF FURS IN ENGLAND.
MUST BE SOLD. 1,000 real Leopard, Tiger, Wolf, Fox, Buffalo Bear, and Oppossum SKIN RUGS, two yards long, mounted on fine cloth, 35s and 40s. each, adapted for railway carriage or travelling wrappers. Also 750 hearth rugs, two yards long, for dining, drawing, or bed rooms, 25s. and 40s. each; 1,000 Door mats, 31t. long, 6s. 6d. each; 200 Gentlemen's Fur Coats, elegantly made, in seal and other skins, £5 each, worth £15; 1,000 seal and coney sealskin Vests, 8s.6d., 15s., 20s., and 25s. each; 2,000 real skin Caps, 5s. and 7s. 6d. each; 500 ladies' real sealskin Jackets, quilted with sable, £5, £6, £7, £8, £9, £10. These goods cannot be equalled for near double the price. This immense stock must be sold by 1st December.
L. H. PHILLIPS, 11 and 12, Cheapside, City.
(Corner of Old Change, London.)
Any single article sent on receipt of Post Office Order.

BURMESE SILKS.
NEW AUTUMN DESIGNS, NOW READY. Patterns free. 2s. 6d. per yard; any length cut. No lady should buy a new dress before seeing this beautiful fabric; guaranteed to wear well.
All orders and remittances to be addressed to the BURMESE SILK COMPANY, 19, Old Change, London.
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BECK and Co.'s HOUSE FURNISHING ESTABLISHMENT is the largest and most complete. Separate show-rooms, 500 feet long, for Dining, Drawing, and Bed-room Furniture, Bedding, &c. Illustrated catalogues post free.

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Printed by E. D. MADDICK and Co., at 1, Crane-court, Fleet-street, and published by the proprietor, GEORGE MADDICK, at 3, Shoe-lane, Fleet-street, London, where all communications are requested to be sent.—October 23, 1871.

OCT 71 HARVARD

SUPPLEMENT TO

THE LADY'S OWN PAPER.

No. 258.—Vol. VIII.—New Series.] SATURDAY, OCTOBER 28, 1871. [Price Sixpence. Post Free 3s. 10d. per Quarter.

New Books.

The Lovels of Arden. A Novel. By the Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," &c., &c. 3 vols. London:—John Maxwell and Co., Shoe-lane, 1871.

Hidden in the pages of the *London Journal*, Miss Braddon's first story attracted little notice, save from the million or so of readers of that popular periodical, but when "Lady Audley's Secret" burst upon the world it was at once recognised that we had among us the master spirit of that new school, to which the epithet "sensational" has been applied. In the comparatively few years that have since elapsed about a score of novels have poured forth in quick succession from her prolific pen. And although it cannot be denied that in nearly every case the latest work showed signs of increasing and improving powers it must also be admitted that "*the trail of the serpent* was over them all." "Aurora Floyd," "John Marchmont's Legacy," "Henry Dunbar," *cum multis aliis*, all depended for their interest on the commission of crimes forbidden in the decalogue. Men coveted their neighbours' wives, and their houses and everything that was theirs. Women tumbled their husbands down wells that they might better enjoy the vast wealth, the parks and carriages of a successor. Bigamy, forgery, personation, murder stalked through every page. Yet was there always a Nemesis on the track, and so keen and so unerring was Miss Braddon's moral instinct, that no reader could ever mistake vice under a pleasant exterior for virtue, or virtue in difficulties for vice. The cloven hoof of the villain—male or female—was always plainly visible, and the good folks were always the dearest people on earth, whom the readers loved and sympathised with. This purity of thought, in the midst of so much crime, it was that made many of those—and ourselves among the number—who did not consider the sensational the highest form of art, look forward to the inevitable day when Miss Braddon would abandon the school in which she was the principal professor, and strike for fame in another and a nobler field. The day has arrived. "The Lovels of Arden" is before us, and we are delighted to announce that it contains, from the first page to the last, not one trace of the sensational school, and that it is at the same time, beyond comparison, the best work the author has yet produced. To relate in full detail the story of the novel would be an injustice to the author; nor do we wish to lessen the reader's interest in the catastrophe. Suffice it to say, then, that the plot is most skilfully conceived, that the excitement is maintained to the end, and the termination will satisfy the vast majority of readers. The great charms of the book consist in the rapid succession of incident, in the charming bits of description, and in the vigorous individuality of the various characters. Among these last we may specially select Mr. Granger, the Manchester millionaire, who, although he has made his money by trade, is still a gentleman; the two Lovels, Clarissa and her father, the latter a weak-minded Sybarite who cares much for his own comfort and little for anything else, the former a girl who, amid many struggles and many difficulties, still contrives to steer clear of falling into temptation; and Fairfax, the villain of the story, who attempts the seduction of Clarissa, but signally fails. Altogether "The Lovels of Arden" may be described as a story which is not only good in itself, but contains within it the seeds of future greatness; and we may well hope that having shown her real powers in a high form of art, Miss Braddon will never again descend to the lower level of the John Marchmont school, from which she has now fairly escaped. We are anxious to give our readers a taste of Miss Braddon's quality, but it is a difficult book to quote from, without divulging too much of the story. Perhaps, however, the following scene, when Lady Laura, another effective character, doubtful about the attentions of Fairfax, who is engaged to her sister, to Clarissa, brings matters to a climax, is as good as anything. The author calls this—

LADY LAURA DIPLOMATISES.

The weather was fine next day, and the Castle party drove ten miles to a rustic race-course, where there was a meeting of a very insignificant character, but interesting to Mr. Armstrong, to whom a horse was a source of perennial delight, and a fair excuse for a long gay drive, and a picnic luncheon in carriages and on coach-boxes.

Amongst Lady Laura's accomplishments was the polite art of driving. To-day she elected to drive a high phaeton with a pair of roans, and invited George Fairfax to take the seat beside her. Lady Geraldine had a headhache, and had not appeared that morning; but had sent a message to her sister, to request that her indisposition, which was the merest trifle, might not prevent Mr. Fairfax going to the races.

Mr. Fairfax at first seemed much inclined to remain at home, and perform garrison duty.

"Geraldine will come downstairs presently, I daresay," he said to Lady Laura, "and we can have a quiet stroll in the gardens, while you are all away. I don't care a straw about the Mickleham races. Please leave me at home, Lady Laura."

"But Geraldine begs that you will go. She'll keep her room all day, I've no doubt; she generally does, when she has one of her headaches. Every one is going, and I have set my heart on driving you. I want to hear what you think of the roans. Come, George, I really must insist upon it."

She led him off to the phaeton triumphantly; while Frederick Armstrong was fain to find some vent for his admiration of his gifted wife's diplomacy in sundry winks and grins to the address of no one in particular, as he bustled to and fro between the terrace and the hall, arranging the mode and manner of the day's excursion—who was to be driven by whom, and so on.

Clarissa found herself bestowed in a landau full of ladies, Barbara Fermor amongst them; and was very merry with these agreeable companions, who gave her no time to meditate upon that change in Mr. Fairfax's manner last night, which had troubled her a little in spite of her better sense. He was nothing to her of course; an accidental acquaintance whom she might never see again after this visit; but he had known her brother, and he had been kind and sympathetic—so much so, that she would have been glad to think that he was really her friend. Perhaps, after all, there was very little cause that she should be perplexed or worried on account of his quiet avoidance of her that one evening; but then Clarissa Lovel was young and inexperienced, and thus apt to be hypersensitive, and easily disturbed about trifles.

Having secured a comfortable *tete-a-tete* with Mr. Fairfax, Lady Laura lost no time in improving the occasion. They were scarcely a mile from the Castle before she began to touch upon the subject of the intended marriage, lightly, and with an airy gaiety of manner which covered her real earnestness.

"When is it to be, George?" she asked. "I really want to know something positive, on account of my own engagements and Fred's, which must all hinge more or less on this important business. There's no use in my talking to Geraldine, for she is really the most impracticable of beings, and I can never get her to say anything definite."

"My dear Lady Laura, I am almost in the same position. I have more than once tried to induce her to fix the date for her marriage, but she has always put the subject aside somehow or other. I really don't like to bore her, you see; and no doubt things will arrange themselves in due course."

Lady Laura gave a little sigh of relief. He did not avoid the question—that was something; nor did her interference seem in any manner unpleasant to him. Indeed, nothing could be more perfect than his air of careless good-humour Lady Laura thought.

But she did not mean the subject to drop here; and after a little graceful manipulation of the reins, a glance backward to see how far behind they had left the rest of the caravan, and some slight slackening of the pace at which they had been going, she went on,

"No doubt things would arrange themselves easily enough, if nothing happened to interfere with our plans. But the fact is, my dear George, I am really most uneasy about the state of poor papa's health. He has been so sadly feeble for the last three or four years, and I feel that we may lose him at any moment. At his age, poor dear soul, it is a calamity for which we must be prepared, but of course such an event would postpone your marriage for a long time, and I should really like to see my sister happily settled before the blow fell upon her. She has been so much with him, you see, and is so deeply attached to him—it would be worse for her than for any of us."

"I—I conclude so," Mr. Fairfax replied, rather doubtfully. He could not help wondering a little how his betrothed cared to leave a beloved father in so critical a condition; but he knew that his future sister-in-law was somewhat given to exaggeration, a high colouring of simple facts, as well as to the friendly direction of other people's affairs. He was therefore not surprised, upon reflection, that she should magnify her father's danger and her sister's filial devotion. Nor was he surprised that she should be anxious to hasten his marriage. It was natural to this impulsive matron to be eager for something, some event involving fine dress and invitations, elaborate dinners, and the gathering together of a frivolous crowd to be astonished and delighted by her own cleverness and fascination. To have a handsome sister to marry, and to marry well, was of course a great opportunity for the display of all those powers in which Lady Laura took especial pride.

And then George Fairfax had told himself that this marriage was the best possible thing for him; and being so, it would be well that there should be no unnecessary delay. He had perhaps a vague feeling that he was giving up a good deal in sacrificing his liberty; but on the whole the sacrifice was a wise one, and could not be consummated too quickly.

"I trust you alarm yourself needlessly about your father, my dear Lady Laura," he said presently; "but upon my word you cannot be more anxious to see this affair settled than I am. I want to spend my honeymoon at Lyveden, the quietest, most picturesque old place you can imagine, but not very enjoyable when the leaves are falling. My good uncle has set his heart on my borrowing his house for this purpose, and I think it would please Geraldine to become acquainted with an estate which must be her own in a few years."

"Unquestionably," cried Lady Laura eagerly; "but you know what Geraldine is, or you ought to know—so foolishly proud and sensitive. She has known you so long, and perhaps—she would never forgive me if she knew I had hinted such a thing—had half-unconsciously given you her heart before she had reason to be assured of your regard; and this would make her peculiarly sensitive. Now do, dear George, press the question, and let everything be settled as soon as possible, or I have an apprehension that somehow or other my sister will slip through your fingers."

Mr. Fairfax looked wonderingly at his charioteer.

"Has she said anything to put this fancy into your head," he asked, with gravity rather than alarm.

"Said anything! O dear, no. Geraldine is the last person to talk about her own feelings. But I know her so well," concluded Lady Laura with a solemn air.

After this there came a brief silence. George Fairfax was a little puzzled by my lady's diplomacy, and perhaps just a little disgusted. Again and again he told himself that this union with Geraldine Challoner was the very best thing that could happen to him; it would bring him to anchor, at any rate, and he had been such mere driftwood until now. But he wanted to feel himself quite a free agent, and this pressing-on of the marriage by Lady Laura was in some manner discordant with his sense of the fitness of things. It looked a little like manœuvring; yet after all she was quite sincere, perhaps, and did really apprehend her father's death intervening to postpone the wedding.

He would not remain long silent, lest she should fancy him displeased, and proceeded presently to pay her some compliments upon the roans, and on her driving; after which they rattled on pleasantly enough till they came to the green slope of a hill, where there was a rude rustic stand, and a railed race-course, with a sprinkling of carriages on one side and gipsy tents on the other.

Here Mr. Fairfax delivered over Lady Laura to her natural protector; and being free to stroll about at his own pleasure, contrived to spend a very agreeable day, devoting the greater part thereof to attendance upon the landau full of ladies, amongst whom was Clarissa Lovel. And she, being relieved from that harassing notion that she had in some unknown manner offended him, and being so new to all the pleasures of life that even these rustic races were delightful to her, was at her brightest, full of gay girlish talk and merry laughter. He was not to see her thus many times again, in all the freshness of her young beauty, perfectly natural and unrestrained.

Once in the course of that day he left his post by the landau, and went for a solitary ramble; not amongst the tents, where black-eyed Bohemians saluted him as "my pretty gentleman," or the knock-'em-downs and weighing-machines, or the bucolic babble of the ring, but away across the grassy slope, turning his back upon the race-course. He wanted to think it out again, in his own phrase, just as he had thought it out the day before in the library at Hale.

"I am afraid I am getting too fond of her," he said to himself. "It's the old story: just like dram-drinking. I take the pledge, and then go and drink again. I am the weakest of mankind. But it cannot make very much difference. She knows I am engaged—and—Lady Laura is right. The sooner the marriage comes off, the better. I shall never be safe till the knot is tied; and then duty, honour, feeling, and a dozen other motives, will hold me to the right course."

He strolled back to his party only a little time before the horses were put in, and on this occasion went straight to the phaeton, and devoted himself to Lady Laura.

"You are going to drive me home, of course?" he said. "I mean to claim my place."

"I hardly think you have any right to it, after your desertion of me. You have been flirting with those girls in the landau all day."

"Flirting is one of the melancholy privileges of my condition. An engaged man enjoys an immunity in that matter. When a criminal is condemned to death, they give him whatever he likes to eat, you know. It is almost the same kind of thing."

He took his place in the phaeton presently, and talked gaily enough all the way home, in that particular strain required to match my lady's agreeable rattle; but he had a vague sense of uneasiness lurking somewhere in his mind, a half consciousness that he was drifting the wrong way.

All that evening he was especially attentive to Lady Geraldine, whose headache had left her with a pale and pensive look which was not without its charm. The stately beauty had a softer air, the brightness of the blue eyes was not so cold as it was wont to be. They played chess again, and Mr. Fairfax kept aloof from Clarissa. They walked together in the gardens for a couple of hours next morning; and George Fairfax pressed the question of his marriage with such a show of earnestness and warmth, that Geraldine's rebellious pride was at once solaced and subdued, and she consented to agree to any arrangement he and Lady Laura might make.

"My sister is so much more practical than I am," she said, "and I would really rather leave everything to her and to you."

Lightly as she tried to speak of the future, she did on this occasion allow her lover to perceive that he was indeed very dear to her, and that the coldness which had sometimes wounded him was little more than a veil beneath which a proud woman strove to hide her deepest feelings. Mr. Fairfax rather liked this quality of pride in his future wife, even if it were carried so far as to be almost a blemish. It would be the surest safeguard of his house in the time to come. Such women are not prone to petty faults, or given to small quarrels. A man has a kind of security from trivial annoyance in an alliance with such a one.

It was all settled, therefore, in that two hours' stroll in the sunny garden, where the roses still bloomed, in some diminution of their midsummer glory, their sweetness just a little overpowered by the spicy odour of innumerable carnations, their delicate colours eclipsed here and there by an impertinent early dahlia. Everything was settled. The very date of the wedding was to be decided at once by Lady Laura and the bridegroom; and when George Fairfax went back to the Castle, he felt, perhaps for the first time in his life, that he really was an engaged man. It was rather a solemn feeling, but not altogether an unpleasant one. He had seen more of Geraldine Challoner's heart this morning than he had ever seen before. It pleased him to discover that she really loved him; that the marriage was to be something more to her than a merely advantageous alliance; that she would in all probability have accepted him had he offered himself to her in his brother's lifetime. Since his thirtieth birthday he had begun to feel himself something of a waif and stray. There had been mistakes in his life, errors he would be very glad to forget in an utterly new existence. It was pleasant to know himself beloved by a proud and virtuous woman, a woman whose love was neither to be easily won nor lightly lost.

He went back to the Castle more at ease with himself than he had felt for some time. His future was settled, and he had done his duty.

Moorland and Stream. With Notes, and Prose Idyls on Shooting and Trout Fishing. By W. Barry.—London: Tinsley Brothers, 18, Catherine-street, Strand, 1871.

If, as its title might imply, this book treated only of fishing and shooting, we should hardly consider it part of our duty to recommend it to the notice of our readers, but it is much more than this. The author writes like a genuine sportsman of the Isaak Walton school. That is to say, while he revels in the spoils of his gun and his rod he has also a keen eye for the beauties of nature and for the characters of those with whom he comes in contact. His little touches of nature, such as the charming scenes of mingled love and angling between the fisherman and "Cousin Kate," his sketches of Irish character and scenery, and the little touches of character constantly arising, are exquisite in their simplicity and freshness. Then look at this moralising on

GOD'S ACRE.

Glance over the paling where the dead inhabitants of the parish sleep. There is a larger population here than in the hamlet. God's acre is thickly sown. The memorial slabs record a singular average of longevity. A grove of giant elms, colonised by the rooks, shadows one side of the place; swallows are skating and scooting so close to the grass, that it is a wonder how they do not knock their heads against the tombs; and look, from yonder gate a procession enters, a coffin, the dimensions of a violin-case, it is to be put (I imagine) next a full-grown great-grandfatherly 74. The little creature within it never spoke, and knew nothing of the world which it could scarce be said to have gone out of, and yet, in the heart of that poor woman wrapped in the cloak it will be growing, day by day, a beautiful baby, more beautiful than any other she meets, an infant learning to greet her with sweet unconscious surprises, a boy, a girl, more loveable than living boys or girls. There is a myth, a kind human fancy, that little children will blossom to maturity when transplanted above, and that the mothers who have lost them will find them again noble and strong, perfect and ready to greet those in whose bosoms they have rested even for an hour.

Can anything be more unaffected, and, at the same time, more really pathetic than this? Of such touches the volume is full, and contrasting delightfully with them are lighter passages of genuine and most genial humour. Altogether, it is the most enjoyable sportsman's book for the general reader we have encountered for a very long time.

The Idol in Horeb. By Charles T. Beke, Ph.D.—London: Tinsley Brothers, Catherine-street, 1871.

This book consists of a number of reprints of articles and letters by the author and

others, in support of his theories that the ancient Mitzraim was not the same place as the modern Egypt, and that the golden image at Mount Sinai was a cone and not a calf. Dr. Beke's experiences of Egyptian travel, and his knowledge of Egyptian literature are so great, that all he writes necessarily commands a great amount of respect and attention. We may therefore, without committing ourselves to all his deductions, admit at once that his arguments are placed in the strongest light, and that he marshals in their support a formidable array of facts. It is for his opponents to explain the facts and to controvert the arguments.

Life Beneath the Waves.—London: Tinsley Brothers, Catherine-street, 1871.

Brighton, the queen of southern watering places, is as familiar to most Londoners as the metropolis itself, of which it is, indeed, but a marine suburb. Few of its visitors during the present year have failed to notice close to the chain pier, and immediately below the cliff, a handsome building, with handsome flights of Portland stone steps leading to terrace promenades decorated with flowers, ferns, and shrubs, which has been rapidly advancing to completion. This is the new salt-water aquarium, and its early opening has given to the author of this pleasant little volume an incentive to discourse learnedly, but by no means dryly, of the various inhabitants of the "sad sea waves," which can be introduced with advantage into private aquaria. There are few things more unceasingly attractive in a sitting-room than a well-cared-for aquarium; and our author's discourse will lead many who have hitherto confined themselves to experiments in fresh water, to add a saline companion, while others who have tried neither will plunge into the briny at once. It is certain that the aquarium at Brighton will become one of the sights of the fashionable sea-coast town, and in all probability its multifarious contents will create a fashion for preserving the smaller monsters of the deep. To all who intend to join in this new pursuit we earnestly say: go to "Life Beneath the Waves" for instruction, advice, and encouragement. The author is a perfect master of his art, a safe guide, and an enthusiastic companion.

Sonnets. By Edward Moxon. — London: Moxon, Son, and Co., Dover-street, 1871.

Mr. Moxon has achieved in the most difficult form of verse he has chosen some successes so great that he fairly lifts himself out of the rank of "minor poets." It is true that the divine *afflatus* which alone is required to establish the presence of genius is wanting, but on the other hand to perfect mechanism Mr. Moxon adds a peculiar elegance of diction, varied imagery, and much thought. On many subjects and to many memories are these sonnets written, and it may fairly be said that, while not one of them can be charged with barrenness, one or two rise almost to greatness. Specially good do we consider this one to

THE MAIDEN OF THE CAM.

By classic Cam a lovely maiden grew:
The sun scarce shone upon her tender birth
Ere she was left, the loneliest thing on earth,
An orphan bent by every wind that blew.
But he who ne'er forsakes the fatherless,
Who led confiding Ruth by hand unseen
The freely scatter'd barley-ears to glean,
Was ever with her in her loneliness.
Thus in her solitude her mind became
Of gentleness and love the sanctuary.
Thither one day, 'twas in that season merry
In which the Cuckoo sings her own sweet name,
Walking perchance, the peerless maid I spied,
And from that moment sought her for my bride!

Spring Comedies. By Lady Barker, Author of "Station Life in New Zealand," "Stories About," &c.—London: Macmillan and Co., 1871.

For the first time, Lady Barker appears before the public as a writer of fiction, pure and simple, and, while admitting many great charms in the four novelettes in this volume, we much doubt that they will either achieve or deserve the popularity of the delightful, truthful, and evidently real description of the domestic life of the wife of a New Zealand sheep-farmer. Certainly this was one of the most enticing books we have read for a very long time, and it is high praise for *Spring Comedies* to say of them, that although not equal to, they are not unworthy of the previous book.

The first of the four tales, "A Wedding Story," is supposed to be related by an old lady, who takes us back to the time of the French War, and tells us the history of a marriage which never came off, for, like the Bride of Abydos, who was never a bride at all, the wedding in this tale was no wedding at all. Helen Ramsay, described as a handsome girl on rather a large scale, of a placid disposition, and very much under the rule of her affectionate friend and old schoolmate Edy Maude, is an heiress by the deaths of her father and brother, and lives with her rather weak and feeble mother at Holm Bush. Edy is the old lady who tells the story. This good-natured busybody was devoted to her friend Helen, and when it came to pass that the time fixed for Helen's marriage drew near, it was only natural that Edy should be chosen one of the bridesmaids, and should be staying at Holm Bush the week before what was to be the wedding day. Holm Bush was the manor house of the village; the bridegroom-elect, Charles Kenneth, was a squire not far off, but joined his best man at the Rectory two days before that fixed for the marriage. The arrangement was that Kenneth and John Saville (the best man) should sleep at the Rectory, but should spend most of their time at Holm Bush, and the result of it was that Helen Ramsay fell in love at first sight with John Saville, and flatly refused to have anything more to do with the man to whom she was to be married on the morrow, and with whom she had been perfectly content the day before. Thus a good girl, of an even disposition and living a quiet life with her mother, is made to fall suddenly in love with the friend of the lover of her choice, the lover to whom she had been engaged for months, and whom she was on the point of marrying. She will have nothing more to say to Charles Kenneth, and as for John Saville he will have nothing to say to her, for he himself is engaged to a girl of whom he is passionately fond. The story falls into delightful confusion, and the end of it all is that everybody marries except the heroine, who does not pine away or die, but grows gracefully into an old maid, finding her occupation in doing all manner of kindnesses to the lover, the love, and the friend of her youth and their children.

It will be seen at once how much depends upon the author's treatment of such a plot as this, and it is only fair to say that Lady Barker has managed so to tell her story as to conceal the appearance of its intrinsic improbability. Indeed, we are not sure that the "improbable" is in itself an objection in a fiction if the genius of the writer can make it "vraisemblable," for after all, as the hackneyed proverb tells us, much stranger events do actually occur in real life than are likely to be invented by the teeming brains of even modern novelists. The best tale in the volume is, however, in our opinion, "A Man's Story," to which we commend our readers. This novelette, although slightly forced in parts, has in it so much character, and so many touches of humanity, so many reflections—familiar to us before perhaps—but now put in a pleasant manner that redoubles our satisfaction in recognising old friends, that it can scarcely fail to charm the most fastidious critic.

The Lost Child. By Henry Kingsley. Illustrated by L. Frölich.—London and New York: Macmillan and Co., 1871.

Most of our readers will remember Geoffrey Hamlyn's charming story of the child who after many of its inquiries of its mother as to the shining land that lay across the river, at last wandered away in search of it, and was lost. Of that story this is a republication, and it is needless now to recall the vivid pictures of the Australian bush, and of the *fauna* and *flora* of the great Southern Continent, supposed to be seen by the child in its wanderings, until it reached the spot where he was found under the tree by Sam and Cecil, lying "dead and stiff," but knowing now the secret of what lay beyond the river he had watched so long. More to the purpose is it to call attention to the artistic pictures with which Frölich has illustrated the idyll. These are all of the highest character. Specially beautiful to our minds is "the bold thunder-smitten summit ridge," although when all are so good it is almost invidious to choose. Further must we remark upon the beauty of the paper, type, and binding of the volume, which forms a charming present for the younger branches, while children of a larger growth may take it up with advantage, and will lay it down with regret.

Little Lucy's Wonderful Globe. Pictured by L. Frölich, and Narrated by Charlotte M. Yonge.—London: Macmillan and Co., 1871.

A wonderful globe indeed is this, and well can we picture to ourselves the delight with which a little Lucy of our acquaintance has studied it. A more pleasantly instructive book than this was never written. In less than a hundred pages a child of ordinary intelligence, without suspecting it is receiving a lesson, will gain from it more knowledge of the habits and customs of other lands than would be extracted in months from a whole library of "treasuries of knowledge" and "manuals of geography." Charming, too, are the illustrations, and instructive withal, as indeed are all the works of this very clever artist. Truly the children of our times should bless the fate that has cast their lives in such pleasant places, when, instead of the inanities of rhyme and the daubs of pictures given to their fathers and mothers, the greatest authors and artists of the time are pressed into their service.

The Pleasant Tale of Puss and Robin, and their Friends Kitty and Bob. Told in Pictures by L. Frölich, and in Rhymes by Tom Hood.—London and New York: Macmillan and Co., 1871.

Another charming book for children. Mainly dependent for its attraction on the artist. Not that the author has failed in his task, but that having to write up to the illustrations he has done that, and nothing else. It would seem, moreover, that the metre he has selected has somewhat cramped his muse. Nevertheless, his rhymes are easily comprehensible even by very young children, and they must be ill-conditioned ones indeed who will not sympathise with the temporary danger of poor Robin in the claws of the cat, rejoice over his rescue, and envy Kitty and Bob their pretty kittens and young robins, all of which, and whom, lived happily together ever after.

The Poetry of Creation. By Nicholas Michell, Author of "Pleasure," &c., &c. Cheap Edition, revised.—London: Tegg, Pancras-lane, 1871.

We are glad to welcome the appearance of this great poem in a cheaper form. The glowing imagery of Mr. Michell's verse, the purity of his thoughts, the genial and thoroughly human tone of all his ideas on men and things more than sufficiently account for his popularity among all those to whom his writings are familiar. His deep appreciation of the beauties of nature is almost Wordsworthian, and there can, indeed, be little doubt that he has studied reverently at the feet of the author of the "Excursion." Let us quote in support of our opinion the following extracts. This applies to the effect of water in a landscape:—

Of all creations, one most sweet
Doth feed our world, like light and heat;
Without it, Death its blight would bring
To herb and tree—each sentient thing.
Earth-purifier! beauty-giver!
What were the vale without the stream?
The plain without the bounding river?
Waters a living spirit seem.
Where'er they flow, the land puts on,
Like some young bride, dull vestments gone,
A brilliant robe, a look of gladness,
For verdurous Nature knows no sadness:
Rough rocks display an emerald gloss,
The ruin hides his rents with moss.
Beneath all skies, those waves possess
A power to vivify, and bless.
Be it a rill, or heaving ocean,
There's health, there's glory in their motion;
The one is lovely, one sublime,
And, though they change, they live all time.
Wild scenes look wilder, fair more fair;
Rich scenes are richer, waters there.

And this to the flowers of summer:—

But Summer comes, and decks her hair
With flowers more gaudy, rich, and rare:
See how the bees, with humming sound,
Crowd those delicious stocks around!
They hide them in the freckled bells
Of foxgloves, purpling lanes and dells;
They climb the orchis' gaudy spire,
They feast upon the yellow broom,
And gorse that, with its fragrant fire,
Seems all the uplands to illume.
Oh, passion-flower, that strangely shows,
Stamped on its disc, the Saviour's woes!
Nails, cross, and circling glory-rays,
That well may charm devotion's gaze.
Dear marigold, its saffron flame
Tells too of one revered and blest,
It nestled, and thus won its name,
Treasured in Mary's virgin breast.*

Here is an eloquent tribute to the rose:—

The sunflower turns his mighty eye,
Following his god across the sky;
The frail convolvulus looks gay,
But ever dies with dying day;
The loving honeysuckle twines
Around old trunks in greenest lines,
While up its stem the elf-spright goes,
And the flower's trumpet shrilly blows.
But, prized in orient lands, the theme
Of many a poet's happy dream,
Dear to the nightingale who sings
Above its heart with trembling wings;
Queen of the garden, with red lips,
That Beauty's only can eclipse;
Flower, crowning all the year with bloom;
Flower, that we plant to cheer the tomb,
Yet smiling where the banquet glows—
Poetic, famed, delightful rose!

Let us quote once more, a passage in which the poet becomes practical:—

O progress! progress! onward roll!
Great law which nothing can control,
View we wide Nature, or man's soul.
Not ours to sit with fate content;
On, on, our eager steps are bent;
Something we pant for, reached not yet,
On some far goal our hopes are set;
Bliss gained seems worthless, if the while
Imagined joys beyond us smile.
So landscapes, flushed with opening day,
More lovely shine when far away;
And glory seems to fold the stars,
Bright cherubim in golden cars,
Looking in heaven divinely fair,
Because we cannot reach them there.

Among the Huts in Egypt. Scenes from Real Life. By M. L. Whately.—London: Seeley, Jackson, and Halliday, Fleet-street, 1871.

Miss Whately's missionary services in Egypt are so well-known, and her previous works on the country have been so widely read, that all her utterances about the "common people" of the wonderful and mysterious land of the Sphinx and the Pyramids come to us with an aspect of authority we look for in vain in the thousand and one books of "Journeys to Balbec" and "Cruises up the Nile." Miss Whately has lived with the people in their everyday life and knows them thoroughly. She has ministered to them in their troubles, medicined them in their illnesses, and instructed their children in her schools. Of course, she dwells specially on their religious condition, as might be expected from her own pursuits, and much she tells us about the Copts and the Mohammedans is full of interest. But beyond this her descriptions of social life, of native customs, and of the country itself, are most vivid and realistic. Merit of merits, too, she never sacrifices the literal truth to any undue straining after effect, and consequently her book is free from that air of artificiality which characterises the works of even that most picturesque writer on Egyptian subjects, M. Edmond About. As a specimen of Miss Whately's powers we take the following:—

THE "SOOK," OR BAZAAR.

Innovations are rapidly creeping into the long stereotyped Eastern ways, and even in Cairo (which is far less Europeanised than Alexandria) numbers of French, German, and Italian shops are to be found now where a limited assortment of articles, for the most part very dear and inferior in quality, may be obtained; still the chief necessaries of life in the "raw material" (besides all articles made in the country, of course) are purchased from the native sooks or bazaars,* and in the old Oriental way. A tedious way I allow it is, and very tiresome if one is in haste, but everything has a compensating side if one takes the trouble to seek for it; and it is fair to concede that the Eastern mode of shopping affords very picturesque groups, and often a good deal of amusement to an observant eye. But if the buyer is pressed for time and has many commissions to get through, he finds his patience terribly tried; an English friend has begged him to procure a silk scarf, a few pairs of slippers, a bottle of attar of roses, &c., and for each of these he has to spend time and breath to an extent which the distant giver of the errand little imagined; a whole long afternoon is frequently consumed in three or four such little matters, and in the end the weary buyer naturally overrates his treasures, and feels as if they were hardly appreciated properly, because the amount of trouble he has taken somewhat enhances their value in his eyes. It is a fact not known to all that the bargaining system prevailed formerly in England and all over Europe as it now does in the East, and that to the Society of Friends we owe the more convenient custom of a fixed price, which, begun by them, rapidly spread over England, and thence to most parts of the Continent. But surely in old times shopping must have been even worse in the North than the South. For in a damp chilly climate, standing for an hour chaffering in a draughty doorway must have been a great annoyance, unless our active and time-valuing people managed to despatch their bargaining more rapidly than is done here, where time is not looked on as very precious, and the delight in buying and selling is so great that it appears always a mutual pleasure to make the bargain last as long as possible. Another inconvenience, besides the absence of fixed prices, is the necessity for the purchaser to carry home all his parcels, or bring a servant to do so, as no shopman ever sends an article home, and in this particular the European (or, as they are generally called, *Frank*) tradesmen follow the custom of their Eastern friends.

Here is a specimen of one kind of shopping. I wished to buy some pretty vases of red clay made in the "Upper Country," and not always to be had in the city. They are too brittle to be very useful, but being of elegant forms and very cheap, are often purchased as curiosities. Observing a good collection on a stall while riding through a street near one of the great mosques, I looked about for the owner, and, not seeing him, applied to an old man selling pipe-heads of the same material close by, and asked where the owner of the vases was. "He is gone away," replied the greybeard, lazily puffing the smoke from a long pipe. "Is he anywhere near?" "I don't know." Another man, also a pipe seller, interposed here, and said he was a friend to the man of vases, and would sell for him. "How much for this, then?" "So much." "No, that is too dear; less by half!" "Nay," cried the friend, his love of bargaining or hope of profiting himself fairly roused, "by the Prophet! that is nothing at all; so much—leave or take." The noise of passers-by makes it difficult to hear, and he holds up as many fingers as he desires coins of a certain value. We hold up *two* in return; he shakes his head and lays down the vase. We move on, but this is only a feint; we return after a few steps, and again repeat "So much." "Very well," bawls the pipe-seller, "take!" and he receiving the price, we seize the prize, which seems enhanced by the difficulty of obtaining it, and the words of Solomon seem truly applicable, "It is naught, it is naught, saith the buyer, but when he is gone his way then he boasteth."

The great mass of native shops are small concerns, and it often happens that you are obliged to visit half-a-dozen to get a very few things from the small stock in hand with each. However, the habits still adhered to of having particular streets for particular articles facilitates the search a good deal. For example, you want some native slippers or shoes, either to send to English friends as curiosities or as really comfortable for wear in hot weather (provided you know what kind to ask for); you must then go to the "Shoe Bazaar," and find yourself in a long street with two or three very narrow ones leading out of it, all lined with small shops displaying red and yellow leather slippers of various forms and sizes: some pointed and turned up at the toe, some very wide and rounded (these are specially worn by countrymen, and have very thick soles, and are always a great deal too large—a better fault, by the way, than the frequent European error of having them too small); others are elegantly embroidered: these are for ladies' wear—in short, the variety is endless, and the colours being always red and yellow, the effect of the stalls is very pretty. The makers of saddles and housings for horses and donkeys, also usually in

* A legend exists that the Virgin Mary wore the marigold in her bosom; hence our old poets sometimes call this flower Marybudde.

* *Sook* is the Arab term. *Bazaar* is a word of Persian or Indian origin, I believe.

bright coloured materials, have their *quarter* in the same way, as have the less lively manufacturers of sieves, combs, palm frames, &c., and the brass-workers, whose region is almost intolerable, from the noise of their hammers on the brazen vessels so largely used in the East.

Sweetmeats are generally sold at stalls or carried about on trays (whence an Arabic proverb, "It is not every one that carries a *tray* who sells sweetmeats;" meaning that there are exceptions in everything). The choicest kinds of sweetmeats belong, as it were, to certain festivals, and nothing will induce the Mohammedan confectioner to make them except at the proper season; if asked, he will laugh rather scornfully and reply, "It is not the time."

Another and more important kind of shopping is only known to residents and householders, and even they often depute it to servants; this is visiting the native wholesale warehouses for the purpose of laying in stores of such things as will keep, and are needed in large quantities. A good deal of money is saved by going to these places, but time must be sacrificed for it; if, however, a leisure day occurs, it is well worth while to visit some of the "khans," as they are called, as national customs and manners are seen to greater advantage in them than anywhere else. I went over some of the khans at Boulac (the port of Cairo) one day as much for the sake of seeing the "humours" of the place as of procuring a store of rice, &c. The word khan properly signifies a sort of inn, being, in fact, a place where merchants come to stay for a time with goods from a distance, and contains, also, warehouses of a simple and primitive description, a sort of dens built all round a large court, often with arched gateways and handsome pillars. The one we visited was a picturesque old building, and the light and shadow afforded by its massive stone architecture, with golden rays of sunshine darting down here and there, was beautiful. Some of the *dens* were locked up; others open, their owners standing or sitting at their doors bargaining with some travelling merchants, whose asses and mules, waiting to receive their burdens, stood near, while troops of fowls ran about the court feasting on the scattered grains of rice which afforded them a good subsistence. Several merchants in white turbans and flowing caftans of various rich colours were quietly drinking coffee, and chatting; their negro and Nubian slaves attending upon them, as if business were decidedly a matter to be taken quietly and comfortably. We approached one of the warehouses, and the owner saluted us politely, and brought the whole party into his dark receptacle, where piles of sacks and baskets stitched closely up lay heaped on each other. Samples were produced from two or three (which he opened before us) and handed round on a metal tray; the cook, who had accompanied us, solemnly rolled the grains in his fingers and meditated for some moments; then selecting a specimen, beckoned to one of the attendants to bring the bags that were to be filled. An innocent stranger might have supposed the business nearly over; on the contrary, it was only just begun. A sum was named by the owner of the rice, and scouted by the cook with indignation; he glanced at us significantly that we might echo his astonishment and disgust; we did so in the best Arabic we could. The owner reduced slightly—was snubbed more than before—became proud and lofty, and shrugged his shoulders; then the cook patted him on the shoulder and softened him a little, raising *his* offer somewhat. At last a sum was agreed on; and the merchant beckoned to one of his assistants, who, with a bright brass inkstand stuck into the yellow silk scarf that girt his waist, was making out accounts on a piece of paper doubled up and held on the hand instead of a table (according to the usual Oriental style); he came forward to make the bill, and a slave at the same time brought a measure; but now it appeared that the intention was to sell according to *retail* measure instead of *wholesale*, in the hope that Europeans might not be aware of the difference, which of course, as he only sold in large quantities, was depriving us of any advantage over purchasing in a small retail shop. The cook angrily emptied his sacks and hurried us out of the den at once, without listening to the excuses of the deceitful rice merchant; and proceeding to another den we had almost the same scene to act all over again, but this time the right measure was brought, and we came off successfully with full sacks! At the entrance of this khan stood two chairs of handsomely carved woodwork, evidently of considerable antiquity, and exactly similar in form to those seen among Egyptian collections and museums, as thrones for kings and deities. Probably Joseph sat on a similar one when superintending the selling of corn while the sons of Israel stood beside their asses, waiting till their sacks should be filled, just like the groups before us. It is these living pictures, recalling Scripture narratives so frequently and vividly, that are such a charm in the East, and that compensate for so many inconveniences and troubles.

We had been at least an hour in the rice-khan, and it was winter, and the afternoons short; so it was needful to hasten to the next place we had to visit, which was the oil merchant's khan. The building here was not equal to the former one, but the groups were still more gay and picturesque, and the great oil-jars heaped about in every direction were so graceful in form as to make quite an addition to the scene. These merchants appeared wealthy, judging from their dress, at least. Their caftans of silk or fine cloth were of the most brilliant colours and finest texture, and certainly the coolness they showed about securing purchasers would have led one to suppose money was no object to them, were it not that such was the custom of the country, until the bargain is actually begun. It was some time before any one of these oil-merchants could be persuaded to look up from his account-book, or stop chatting with his friends. At length one looked up and said "What do you desire?" On being informed, he called for samples, and a woman came, bringing two vessels containing some of the rich gold-coloured oil made from lettuce-seed, which is used for common lamps in Cairo. Latterly, indeed, the petroleum, or paraffin oil, is sold under the name of "gaz," a corruption of *gas*, as they suppose this name to mean a particular species of oil. Its brightness in burning is a recommendation which, especially among the heedless Egyptians, outweighs its danger; but, at the time I allude to, it had not been heard of in Cairo, and even now the consumption of vegetable oil is considerable, the people using it, not only for burning, but in cookery. The woman invited us to judge of the samples by the taste; and when we declined she laughed, and, dipping in her own finger, sucked it with great relish, declaring it was excellent! When the long bargaining was ended, a jar was obtained from a store kept for purchasers, and weighed, filled, then weighed again and sealed up with a wisp of straw well plastered with mud, and finally slung upon a donkey's back to be conveyed to the purchaser's abode. Mr. Jones or Mr. Smith would be amused if they could see the contrast between this style of doing business and their dispatch; and probably Hassan and Mahmoud would be equally so if transported to London; and, however they admired the rapid action and constant bustle, would be inclined to think it very fatiguing. "Fair and softly goes far in a day," would better suit them than the *contrary* proverb of "Time and tide wait for no man," which may be called the specially English proverb.

Our difficulties with change of money, and a want of proper coinage sufficient for the country, are frequent and various. One year, no small change was to be had; and a seller would insist on his customer taking more than he needed of some cumbrous article, or going without any, because he could not change a piece of silver. A boy would be sent running from shop to shop, with a message to ask Mr. Such-an-One to oblige his master with a few piastres! Then the tables were turned, and we were inundated (if such a term may be allowed for heavy metal) with copper coin, and the weight would be more than any reasonable purse could possibly contain.

One day, I recollect a man wished to give me change for a gold coin chiefly in copper pieces, saying he had no silver.

"You must then hire a donkey and sack to carry it for me," was the reply. "But I am sure you have some silver; I saw it shine when you opened your bag."

On being detected thus, the shopman, grinning, acknowledged he had a *little* silver, but it was so scarce, he did not like to part with it.

The workmen in the sugar manufactories and elsewhere were, at the period I speak of (1869), paid in coppers, and were frequently obliged to bring great bags, and nearly fainted under their loads, though the sum received was small enough.

The old gold and silver coins of Egypt and those of Constantinople are in circulation, but are rare, and yearly will become more so, unless a coinage is issued; for the women wear them as ornaments, and are loth to part with them, as there are very few new ones at all equal to them. They are beautiful coins; the gold especially being less alloyed than that of Europe, and the edging and characters elegantly stamped. From the deficiency of native gold and silver in ordinary use, the coins of many European nations circulate; and in getting change, one has always to make a number of little arithmetical exercises, very useful, doubtless, in keeping the four rules in sharp practice, but somewhat troublesome when the purchaser is in a hurry, or riding a donkey or pony which does not like standing still! Perhaps it is a festival-time, and the narrow street is crowded with carriages, donkeys, camels, and foot passengers; water carriers sprinkling you freely from their skins of water; Turkish soldiers pushing past on spirited horses, which seem ready to trample the children thronging the sweetmeat-stalls in their way; turbaned groups of Egyptians bargaining as coolly as if there were no crowd; servants running before their owner's carriage or steed, forcing a passage by dint of shouting, "Thy foot! thy back! oh, man! oh, girl! make way! make way!" And in all this confusion, the busy householder who has been out on a shopping excursion, and is returning with laden saddle-bags, and a servant who carries as many small parcels in his loose tunic as can be crammed into it (for, as I previously observed, you must bring home your purchases yourself)—instead of getting the change quickly, and hurrying out of the bustle, must wait while the seller pulls out of his long-purse, first a Russian rouble, then a French two-franc piece, then a Spanish dollar, an English shilling; and, finally, perhaps, two or three little Austrian coins of base metal, value three or four pence. Each of these various pieces of money has to be reckoned in piastres; one goes for thirteen and three quarters, another for five and a half, a third for seventeen and a fifth, &c. The little sums have to be performed while the steed is getting more fidgety every moment from the crowd that push against him. The housekeeper thinks with affection of pounds, shillings, and pence, as, after securing the varied collection of coins, he breaks at last through the impediments, and rides on; but there is a feeling of triumph in getting the desired things after so much trouble that is cheering upon the whole; and one European evil is avoided by our Eastern system of shopping—we have no *bills!* All is ready-money in the Egyptian shop or warehouse. In this one particular I hope they will not imitate Europe, in spite of all the trouble of a Babel of coinage.

Admetus, and other Poems. By Emma Lazarus.—New York: Hurd and Houghton, 1871.

This American poetess must be allowed to take a high rank among the minor followers of the bardic art. The four principal poems are "Admetus," "Orpheus," "Lohengrin," and "Tannhauser." It is true she has not the individuality that stamps the possessor of genius, but her work is all good. Without any straining after a display of force, she produces many vivid effects. Of all the poems, we think "Orpheus" is the best. Here, for instance, is a description of Eurydice:—

The fairest nymph reclined
Beneath the tree, and leaned her yellow head,
With its crisp, clustering rings, against the trunk,
And dipped her pure feet in the colourless brook,
Stirring the ripples into circles wide,
With cool, delicious plashings in the stream.
Her young companions lay upon the grass,
With indolent eyes half-closed, and parted lips
Half-smiling, in the languor of the noon.
But suddenly these twain, arising, cried,
Startled and sharply, "Lo, Eurydice,
Behold!" and she, uplifting frightened eyes,
Saw a strange shepherd watching with bold glance.
Veiling their faces with their mantles light,
Her sisters fled swift-footed, with shrill cries,
Adown the meadow, but her wet feet clung
To the dry grasses and the earthy soil.
"Eurydice, I love thee! fear me not,
For I am Aristeus, with gray groves
Of hoary olives, and innumerable flocks,
And precious swarms of yellow-vested bees."
But she with sudden strength eluding him,
Sprang o'er the flow'ry turf, with back-blown hair,
And wing-like garments, shortened breath, and face
Kindled with shame and terror. In her flight
She ran through fatal flowers and tangled weeds,
And thick rank grass beside a stagnant pool,
When, with a keen and breathless cry of pain,
Abrupt she fell amidst the tall green reeds.

There are, too, some very fine descriptions in "Tannhauser." Take, for instance, the interview between the Knight and the Goddess:—

Upon the throne
She took her seat, the knight beside her still,
Sinking on couches of fresh asphodel,
And the dance ceased, and the flushed revellers came
In glittering phalanx to adore their queen.
Beautiful girls, with shining delicate heads,
Crested with living jewels, fanned the air
With flickering wings from naked shoulders soft.
Then with preluding low, a thousand harps,
And citherns, and strange nameless instruments,
Sent through the fragrant air sweet symphonies,
And the winged dancers waved in mazy rounds,
With changing lustres like a summer sea.
Fair boys, with charming yellow hair crisp curled,
And frail, effeminate beauty, the knight saw
But of strong, stalwart men like him were none.
He gazed thereon bewitched, until the hand
Of Venus, erst withdrawn, now fell again
Upon his own, and roused him from his trance.
He looked on her, and as he looked, a cloud
Auroral, flaming as at sunrising,
Arose from nothing, floating over them,
Dropping rich odours, and encircling them
In luminous folds, like that vermilion mist
Pencilled upon the throne, and as it waxed
In density and brightness, all the throng
Of festal dancers, less and less distinct,
Grew like pale spirits in a vague dim dream,
And vanished altogether; and these twain,
Shut from the world in that ambrosial cloud,
Now with a glory inconceivable,
Vivid and conflagrant looked each on each.

Our Adventures during the War of 1870. By Two Englishwomen: Emma Maria Pearson, Authoress of "From Rome to Mentana," and Louisa Elizabeth Maclaughlin. 2 vols. —London: Bentley, 1871.

Already it has been our tedious duty to wade painfully through an entire library of dreary facts and drearier fiction founded on the late war between France and Germany, and we are strongly inclined to believe that of all the books, "good, bad, and indifferent," we have read on the subject, this is the most interesting. Nice ladies to know, must the writers be, so long as you can agree with them; but strong-minded, fertile in resource, daring in execution, we should not care to quarrel with either. To note how every man, whether he were a German soldier or an English nobleman who slighted or offended them in the smallest degree, is placed in a moral pillory, and held up as a target for the rotten eggs and brickbats of an outraged civilisation is a caution to all who doubt the influence of woman. Talk about the subjection of woman, Mr. Mill? Read this volume and learn how only two of the sex routed German armies, turned advancing columns, snubbed Knights Hospitallers, and "put down" the officials of the National Society for the Sick and Wounded.

Let us premise that these two ladies went out as nurses, and saw a very large portion of the campaign, that it was acknowledged on all hands their services were most valuable, that even Prussian officials, whom they hated, for all their sympathies were with the French, inscribed over their doors as a delicate compliment, "*Ten* officers of the Medical Department." It is impossible for us to afford the space to tell how, on one occasion, they defeated a party of Prussians (who invaded their house), with some loaves and bottles of wine, turning the discomfited soldiery out into the market-place to sleep in the open air, while every other house in the place was sacked and occupied by the invaders; how they told another ferocious and hungry party who swore to hang all the inhabitants unless a certain number of loaves were provided in an hour that "they should regret the occurrence, but did not think even then they would be able to bake loaves without flour;" how, on another occasion, when the soldiery would intrude into their sanctuary, one of them invited the commanding officer to dinner, and then proclaiming the place "commandant's quarters," rendered it sacred; or, how, when a score of "malingerers," who preferred the comforts of the hospital to the dangers of the camp, absolutely refused to budge, our authors at last gave way, admitted them to be sick, placed them under strict ambulance rule, and on low diet, and then prepared a dose of such hideously nasty medicine for them that in a quarter of an hour the place was cleared. For the full detail of all these things and many more to the full as interesting must we refer the seeker after knowledge and amusement to the book itself, where certainly there is very much of both to be found. Nor can we do more than allude to the charges brought against the Knights of St. John, who with much circumstance and proof, in the shape of dates and places and details, are accused of using the best of all the hospital stores for themselves, of supping on "chickens in white sauce, roast potatoes, pale ale, wine, both port and champagne," and other luxuries, while lady nurses and patients were alike condemned to "weak tea and some slices of rye bread." Thus are the lives of these gentry described:—"They ate and drank the best of everything, they occupied the best houses as quarters, and enjoyed a perpetual picnic safely out of danger, but sufficiently near to say that they had gone through a campaign. They were, indeed, carpet knights, and have their spurs yet to win."

It is hardly to be wondered at, if all, or indeed a tithe of what we have heard from other sources be true, that these energetic ladies came into active collision with the officials of our National Society for the Sick and Wounded. Nobody ever did or ever could understand what became of the enormous sums raised in this country for the sick and wounded, but this book, with its descriptions of "the hosts of young gentlemen thirsting to assist the good cause at the rate of a pound per day," pretty well solves the riddle. There can indeed be little doubt that one of the great results of the liberality of the English nation was to allow certain obscure persons, of whom nobody knew anything before, or has heard anything since, to hoist all their friends and relations into snug little berths where they had nothing to do but to spend money, not their own, with any tradesman who would allow them a liberal commission for bringing their orders. We ourselves have often wondered what became of all the commission paid on newspaper advertisements, and whose pockets it went into! Altogether this is a book which both for its style and its statements should be in the hands of all who want to know something of the domestic life of the late war.

Clara Delamaine. A Novel. By A. W. Cunningham.—London: Tinsley, 1871.

An author who can take his readers by the hand and lead them with unerring steps through New Zealand, home by ship to Limehouse, through the West End and thence by steamer to the Continent—who is equally familiar with station life in Middle Island, New Zealand, passenger life on board the homeward-bound vessel, low life at the East end of London and high life at the West, tourist life on the Continent of Europe, and the veiled episodes and struggles of a living death, and who can with equal facility depict the quiet out-of-the-world existence of a an Australian settler and the wild horror of a storm at sea, a fearful death in a nameless torrent of a far-off land and the imbecile ravings of a patient in an English *maison de santé*, a cruel retributive homicide and the stricken death-bed of one who in the last hour only finds refuge and peace—is an author whose pen has not traced his thoughts in vain. Clara Delamaine, at the time the story opens, is living with her father in New Zealand. He is a well-to-do gentleman, who from being an officer in the army turns colonial farmer and prospers exceedingly; so much so that when he is accidently drowned in a swollen river near his land, Clara finds herself in possession of property to the value of more than one hundred thousand pounds. With this she determines to go to England. She accordingly starts with her maid and an old doctor, firm friend of her late father. Before this, however, she has made the acquaintance of a villanous spendthrift, named Spencer Godfrey. This ingenious scamp employs a man to break into Clara's house, and frighten the poor girl out of her wits. At the right moment, of course, the immaculate Godfrey comes to the rescue, shoots and wounds the "burglar," delivers the grateful young heiress from her supposed peril, and so thoroughly ingratiates himself into her good graces. On the voyage home—he has shipped as first mate of the smart little sailing-vessel—an intimacy is begun, which ends in their being betrothed. Under Godfrey's influence she refuses to see her father's relatives on her arrival in London. Accordingly she stays at a private hotel in the Commercial-road. From here they are married. Immediately upon their return from church, however, they are encountered by the old Doctor, who had just heard accidentally of a former wife of Godfrey's. Clara indignantly leaves him until he can clear himself. She then goes to her uncle and aunt, and there falls really in love with her cousin. She has, of course, not informed them of the marriage she already loathes and detests. Nevertheless, though refused, "Cousin Charles" does not despair until she tells him the facts of the case; then he goes away from home to relieve her of his presence. The scene shifts to an open boat on a tropical sea. In it are two men—Spencer Godfrey and the sham burglar of the New Zealand "freak." In the latter's eyes burns vengeance! for it was his sister that Godfrey had married and neglected so grossly. Underneath that blazing sun, within sight of a fertile shore, within hearing of the waves beating on the rock-bound shore, the avenger sees Godfrey die in frightful agony. Spencer Godfrey's only good point was his love for Clara. The villain being now safely removed, nothing remains but to unite Clara and Charles.

The above outline will sufficiently show "Clara Delamaine" to be the work of a skilled and witty writer, and that the book is racy, lively, and entertaining. Compared with many other novels of the sensation type, "Clara Delamaine" is—though not very profound—still, both in interest and characters, clever and painstaking.

Hearth Ghosts. By the Author of "Gilbert Rugge."—London: Sampson Low.

Three capital stories, entitled respectively—"A Market Mudling Magnate," "John Juxon," and "Mattie Fuller,"—at once dramatic, full of pathos, and true to life. Dealing with the society of the lower middle classes, the author so truly "holds the mirror up to nature" that no one gazing on the shining glass can but see there, clearly outlined and brightly coloured, familiar forms and faces—types of characters who live and breathe.

Kitty Crump, a Romance of Love's Young Dream, and other Poems. By Frederick Langbridge.—London: J. C. Hotten.

A new poet, with taste, *verve*, and a true sense of humour. He falls in love of course:—

"I think I wasn't quite eighteen, a very gay young spark—
And if I add, a little green, you'll pardon the remark—
When—ah! of penetrable stuff the hearts of youngsters *are* made—
I fell in love with Kitty Crump, the pretty little barmaid."

He wants to introduce the young lady to his family, and takes his father to see her. When—

"A sickness stole upon my heart; at length I knew my fate,
And yet I gulped my anguish down and asked her 'Where's Miss Kate?'
She drew a quart of fourpenny, and answered, quite demure,
'Why she's at Margate, sir, just now,—upon her wedding tour!'"

The "other Poems" are quite up to this mark. Hail, Langbridge!

Half-a-Dozen Daughters. By J. Masterman, Author of a "Fatal Error," &c. In two vols.—London: Henry S. King and Co.

Here is a novel of most undeniably interesting character, admirable in style and full of incident, but without a single sensation—not a murder, a suicide, a burglary, a wreck, a bigamy, or even a lover tumbled into a well by a revengeful mistress. How the family of six fair girls conduct their love adventures—each one a delightful episode of itself—is more than we can inform our readers. Indeed, there is so little involution in the plot, that to epitomise it would be to do injustice to the author, and rob Mr. Mudie's clients of a real pleasure. Suffice it, that however dark may be some of the clouds that hover over the chief characters, they are all pleasantly cleared away in the end; and that, too, without a single incongruity or the sacrifice of a single canon of good taste. "Half-a-Dozen Daughters" is a novel that ten thousand daughters—ay, and not a few mothers, fathers, brothers, and uncles—may peruse with profit and pleasure.

The Immortals; or Glimpses of Paradise. A Poem by Nicholas Michell.—London: W. Tegg.

This well-written and imaginative poem is remarkable for the wide range and grand conceptions of its author, whose collected works are now being issued in a series of bright, cheap, and handy volumes, nicely bound in blue and gold. Mr. Michell, who has earned a solid reputation by his "Ruins of Many Lands," "The Poetry of Creation," &c., has carefully revised and enlarged "The Immortals."

Homo versus *Darwin.* A Judical Examination of the Statements, recently published by Mr. Darwin, regarding the Descent of Man.—London: Hamilton and Adams.

Many might consider this work a burlesque; but it is really a well-digested review of Darwin's theory; and, to our mind at least, thoroughly exposes, if it does not utterly upset, it. Though it may please some philosophers to state that our first ancestors were tadpoles, which came afterwards to be monkeys, we prefer the older and more generally received notion that they were men and women created in the image of God.

Far North. A Novel, in one small volume, by Thos. Kennedy, published in a Second Edition by Mr. D. Atkinson, of Ulverston, and Messrs. Simpkin and Marshall, of London.

This work will be read with pleasure by all to whom quiet humour, gentle pathos, domestic incident, and pleasant conversation are more highly valued than the so-called sensationalism of the libraries.

Bygone Days. A Novel. By Wilhelm von Kügelen.—London: Chapman and Hall.

Autobiographies are not usually of absorb- interest, but this one—which is little more than a sort of irregular journal of the first eighteen years of a rather quiet and dull life—contains literally nothing worthy of record. The work, in its present form, is a literal translation from the German.

Wild Men and Wild Beasts. By Lieutenant Colonel W. Gordon Cumming.—Edinburgh: Edmonston and Douglas.

The name of Gordon Cumming is so intimately associated with "Wild Men and Wild Beasts," that this book is sure of a large popularity. It is written by a relative of the famous hunter who made the name a power. The book is well-written, intensely interesting, capitally illustrated, and tastefully bound.

SERIALS AND MAGAZINES.

Cassell's Magazine for November contains the usual instalment of "Poor Miss Finch," the interest of which seems culminating up towards the agony pitch proper at a certain stage of every novel. The author of this "Domestic story" has a certain knack of writing, which always carries his readers away in spite of their common sense, investing the most glaring improbabilities with a realistic air that is irresistible. A young man, subject to fits, consents to be cured by taking nitrate of silver, which will turn him blue in the face, this disfigurement not signifying, because his *promessa sposa* is blind (as if love was not always blind, and a true tender-hearted woman would not have loved him, whether he were blue, green, or yellow!). He becomes blue, and just about raising the cup of happiness to his lips, when enter his twin brother, handsome as once was the hero, and not blue. The brother suggests the possibility of the blind girl's restoration to sight before he sees her, and at their first meeting he falls in love with her. This part also contains the last chapter of "The Best Wife in the World," and an interesting story in four chapters, "My Last Mistress." There is a settler's tale of wild sport and hair breadth escape, and a few more short stories and a few essays complete the number, which is further enriched by a couple of happy designs from the talented pencil of Miss Ellen Edwards.

Cassell's Technical Educator continues its usual courses of instruction and profuse illustration. Technical drawing, principles of design, optical instruments, brick and tile making, object drawing, agricultural chemistry, fish culture, mining and quarrying, engineering, shipbuilding, paper and cardboard making, and numerous other subjects are duly treated in rotation, and in its pages the warlike weapon and the peaceful lathe rest harmlessly side by side.

Cassell's Illustrated History of the War between France and Germany has reached its tenth part, with which is given a large presentation plate of the battle before Belfort. The illustrations, which are numerous, comprise portraits of General Chanzy, and Generals Blumenthal and Von Alvensleben.

Little Folks offers its usual amount of healthy diversion for the younger members of the household, and retains its place as one of the best juvenile serials of the day. The stories are ably written and varied in character, and, whilst preserving sound moral tone, are free from cant. The illustrations—"The First out of School," "Frisky Little Folks," a rabbit starting at its shadow, and "Hush," a tender thoughtful-faced child putting her baby doll to sleep—are very happy efforts. Another of Flip's "Wonder Tales" will delight many little readers, no doubt, and that winged horse is none the worse for being an old acquaintance, since he is very neatly saddled with a new story.

New Music.

Brown Eyes or Blue Eyes. Song. Words and Music by Hamilton Aidé. — London: Boosey and Co., 28, Holles-street, W.

It is strange that amongst new music, although we have brilliant arrangement of old melodies, and even sparkling novelties for the pianoforte, we rarely have a song that soars above a pitiful mediocrity of the commonplace, or a mere clap-trap showiness to which a good voice may give effect; the former style being reserved for weak and very commonplace voices. It is, therefore, refreshing to light on such a little gem in its way as "Brown Eyes or Blue Eyes"—a song, the words and music of which are composed by Mr. Hamilton Aidé. It is in the key of B flat; the melody ranges from D below the line to E fourth space, but does not fall low, and is suitable for a mezzo-soprano or baritone voice. The accompaniment is very easy, but spirited and effective. It is what we may term a hearty song, to be hit off with warmth and feeling—*allegro con spirito.* Although the sentiment is, perhaps, most suited for a gentleman's vocalisation, the song is too charmingly refreshing for the ladies to allow them the entire monopoly. We are tempted o subjoin the words:—

Brown eyes or blue eyes, hazel or grey,
What are the eyes that I drink to to-day?
Some seem to mock at us, some seem to frown,
Some when we talk cast their drooping lids down.
No matter their colour, I drink to the eyes
That weep when I weep; when I laugh, laugh replies.

Merry or scornful, angry or kind,
I love every mood, so the eyes be not blind;
For man's mood is changeful, and what should we do
If woman's in sympathy did not change too?
No matter the colour, &c.

Brown eyes or grey eyes, hazel or blue,
We watch for them, live for them, die for them too!
Stars of our morning, sunbeams through life,
Beacons in darkness and danger and strife.
No matter their colour, &c.

The Opal Ring. A Ballad. The Words by G. T. Metzler. The Music by Virginia Gabriel.—London: Metzler and Co., 37, Great Marlborough-street, W.

A contralto ballad; the melody not very marked, the effect being partly given by an accompaniment, showy for a ballad. There is an attempt at making the music realise the words:—

The night is dark and drear without, the rain beats on the pane.

The story told by the ballad is the parting of two lovers, the gentleman taking from the lady's hand the "luckless opal ring." He returns from India to find her dead. The music is not difficult; the tune *andante non troppo;* it is in the key of B flat. The range, E fourth space, to C below the line, dwelling chiefly on the notes from D to C. There is an optional descent to F in the *finale.*

To and Fro. Composed by Gounod. A Swiss Song, transcribed for the Pianoforte by H. W. Goodban.—London: Metzler and Co., 37, Great Marlborough-street, W.

A pretty little piece in the key of G. The melody is distinct and lively. It is about as easy as some of the very easiest of Brinley Richards' popular arrangements.

Queen of the Stars. Serenade. The Words by Robert Reece. The Music by Comyn Vaughan.—London: Boosey and Co., 28, Holles-street, W.

This is a melody which forcibly reminds us of "Oh Summer Night." The accompaniment is very easy, and the vocal part suited to a high voice. The range is from E first line, to A above the line—the A optional—but the melody dwells chiefly on the higher notes. It is in the key of F flat.

Rest. A Song. By Adelaide Proctor. The Music by Comyn Vaughan. — London: Boosey and Co., 28, Holles-street, W.

"Rest" embodies Adelaide Proctor's beautiful words, "Spread thy silver wings, oh dove!" in effective and showy music, with a rather difficult accompaniment. It commences with a sort of prologue, *andante*, with the words, "Look how my dove soars far." A movement, *allegro moderato*, commencing, "Rest where silver clouds," is *largo*, but the quick movement is repeated with the words, "Ah no, that souther vapour." It will be seen by this that there is a good deal of variation of time. "Rest" is a song requiring feeling and spirit, and vocal eloquence. It is written in the key of D, and ranges from C below the line to G above. Some of the high notes are rather sustained—that is, half a bar in length. It will suit a mezzo-soprano voice which excels in the upper notes.

Le Vesuve Valse. For the Pianoforte. By Chevalier de Kontski, Pianiste to His Majesty the Emperor of Germany. — London: Metzler and Co., 37, Great Marlborough-street, W.

A brilliant piece. A waltz with a dazzling effect, a little difficult in the variations, on account of the time being quick and the change requiring neat execution. The variations are not in cadences, as is so common, but like the accompaniment of a song, the first note of each three marking the melody. There are six quavers in a bar, *allegretto.*

Chilpéric. An Impromptu for the Piano on Hervé's Opera. By Chevalier de Konstki.—London: Metzler and Co., 37, Great Marlborough-street, W.

The variations in this piece are not very easy in the fingering, which is however given, the recurrence of many double flats, and in one part in the work for the left. We do not particularly admire the melody.

Godfrey's Chilpéric Quadrille. On airs from Hervé's Opera.—London: Metzler and Co., 37, Great Marlborough-street, W.

Pretty, easy quadrilles.

My Darling Mignonette. Song by William Carlton. Music by E. N. Catlin.—London: Metzler and Co., 37, Great Marlborough-street, W.

"Mignonette" may find admirers amongst those—and there are a good many of them—who can discover wit in nonsense and sources of laughter in vapid inanity. It has no particular melody, and very easy in all respects. Lest we be thought too severe in our censure, we append the verses, that the readers may judge for themselves:—

They may talk about their fascinating beauties,
Their fashionable blondes and pretty belles,
But the subject of the song I'm going to sing you
Is *par excellence* the Queen of all the Swells.

"We met, 'twas in a crowd," and then we parted;
The beauty of her face I'll ne'er forget.
As she never told her name I cannot tell it,
But I've christened her my charming Mignonette.

She looked at me—a glance was all I wanted—
As I followed her along the crowded street,
And my mem'ry with her loveliness was haunted
As she tripped so lightly on those fairy feet.

A second time she cast her eye upon me;
She smiled on me, and then, a moment more,
She rang the bell and faded from my vision,
And all was dull when she was there no more.

Next day, in hopes to see my little darling,
I sought, the house was ninety-four,
But the poodle in the house commenced a snarling,
And, barking loudly, chased me from the door.

I ran along the street, and he ran after,
And with his teeth he seized my pantaloons;
He hung on while the mob, convulsed with laughter,
Cried that's the chap who stole the silver spoons.

My Mignonette then hollered for her poodle—
The music of her voice I'll ne'er forget—
But the chap who goes a whistling "Yankee Doodle"
Was the husband of my charming Mignonette.

How such rubbish can be written, printed, and find customers (!) in a country which has produced such song writers as Tom Moore, Mrs. Hemans, Barry Cornwall, Dibdin, Carpenter, and others, is little short of the miraculous. If comic songs are wanted we have heard some, too, with as much genuine wit in them as these have genuine feeling.

Home Without Thee Cannot be. Ballad by Henriette, Composer of "Always Alone."—London: Boosey and Co., 28, Holles-street.

A very easy song in four flats, compass D below the line to F. The words embody a pretty, tender home feeling. The melody is ordinary, and does not require brilliancy of execution or high vocal power. It is likely to give satisfaction to those who require a simple song for a small voice and a home circle.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Annino: a Novel, by M. J. S. T., cr. 8vo. 7s. 6d. cl.
Blake's (Lady) Lady of Lyndon, 3 vols. cr. 8vo. 31s. 6d. cl.
Blackie's (J. S.) Four Phases of Morals, 12mo. 6s. cl.
Bontillier's Gem Pillow Lace, 1st series, 12mo. 1s. swd.
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Timbs's (J.) One Thousand Domestic Hints, 1s. cl.
Tittle Tattle, and other Stories for Children, illust. 12mo. 2s. 6d. cl.

A NEW edition, from the original MS. in the British Museum, is about to be published, by Mr. Hotten, of that quaint, almost privately-printed book, "Five Days' Peregrination of William Hogarth, Sam Scott, W. Tothall, J. Thornhill, and T. Forrest, with illustrations by Hogarth." The volume is the rollicking journal kept by the merry artists named, of an excursion around the Isle of Sheppy.

MR. J. TOLLEMACHE, M.P., has deposited his fine contemporary MS. of King Alfred's translation of Orosius in the British Museum, for the use of the Early English Text Society. Mr. E. Brock is now copying it, and it will be published by the Society next year under the editorship of Mr. Henry Sweet, of Balliol. Former editors of the tract have printed the much later Cotton MS. of the treatise in the British Museum, the forms of which are modernised, and the readings often corrupt.

THE Council of the Working Women's College in Queen's Square, Bloomsbury, have proposed to the Council of the neighbouring Working Men's College, in Great Ormond-street, that the two Colleges should amalgamate. This is surely a right and sensible proposal, and we trust that it will be carried out. The long experience of hundreds of Mechanics' Institutes should satisfy the most timid managers that the two sexes may study together harmlessly.

DR. E. MALL will shortly bring out his critical edition of our Early-English Mystery the "Harrowing of Hell," from the three MSS. of it. Dr. Mall has now settled at Breslau.

AMONG forthcoming publications of interest may be mentioned "Rome, Description et Souvenirs," par Francisque Wey, the author of "L'Histoire des Révolutions de Langage en France."

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